OR

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

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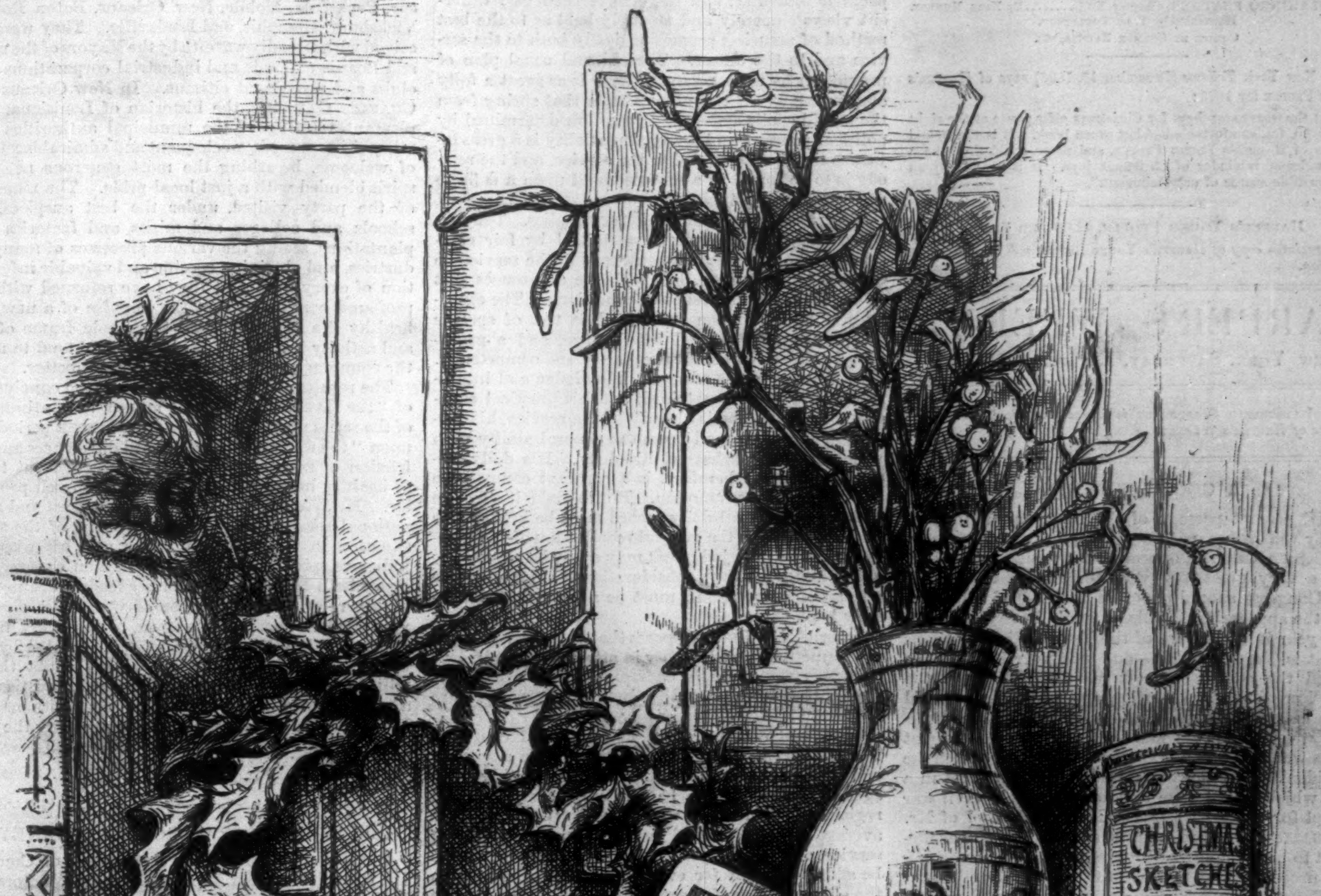

CHRISTMAS SKETCHES
ILLUSTRATED
Th: Nast

"'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS,
and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, *not even a mouse.*"

"Harper's Young People for 1886, like good wine, needs no bush. It is a massive storehouse replete with the dainties children best like, and yet of the sort that never disagree. This periodical grows better and better every year."—*New York Herald, December 5, 1886.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for December 21 has a special Christmas character, as will be seen by a glance at its

CONTENTS.

WHAT JESSIE FOUND IN FAIRY-LAND........By Sydney Dayre.
Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks.
THE CHRISTMAS WINDOW.............Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.
SANTA CLAUS'S WORKSHOP................By Lizzie W. Champney.
CHRISTMAS ON THE CANYON.............By Kate Upson Clark.
With full-page illustration by H. F. Farny.
ON CHRISTMAS DAY. Poem............ ....By Margaret Johnson.
Illustrated by Jessie McDermott.
THE FLAMINGO FEATHER, Chapter XVI.........By Kirk Munroe.
Illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.
Comics by Culmer Barnes, etc.

The New York *Tribune* (December 15, 1886) says of Harper's Young People for 1886:

"Let the weary searchers for Christmas gifts pause at the sight of a large, fat, comfortable-looking green book. It is the bound volume of Harper's Young People, and never could there be a more welcome reminder of Christmas joys. It is practically an inexhaustible source of entertainment."

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 25, 1886.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

THE prompt passage of the Electoral Count Bill by the House, with amendments which we hope the Senate will not oppose so as to defeat the bill, was a very great and very pleasant surprise. If this Congress should pass this bill and no other except the appropriation bills, it would have done well. Last year it settled one of the Presidential questions—that is, the succession—and this year it will have settled the other. The only surprise is that the omission of the Constitution and of the law should have been left unremedied so long, when the omission was once made manifest, and the consequent perils were matters of experience. In 1877, when the Presidential election was seriously disputed, and in a way which would have undoubtedly led to civil war except for the good sense of Mr. Tilden and of Mr. Randall, it was ludicrous even amid all the excitement to hear the persistent asseveration that nothing was necessary but to follow the plain directions of the Constitution. The directions were so plain that the country was ready to go to war because they could not be understood. The furious discussion was in itself the conclusive evidence that they were not plain. Except for the excellent election laws of New York the trouble of 1877 might easily have been revived in 1885. But the bill just passed by the House happily averts all trouble of the kind hereafter.

The bill is that of Mr. Edmunds, which has already twice passed the Senate. It is simple and definite, and permits no party advantage to arise from a difference in the party character of the two Houses of Congress. It is based upon the Constitutional theory that the States appoint electors, and are supreme over all disputes that may arise in the election. Any judicial decision by any State of such controversies, if concluded six days before the voting of the electors, is to be conclusive. But when there is more than one return from a State in which there shall have been no such judicial determination, then the vote of the electors shall be counted whose appointment is certified by the Governor of the State under its seal, unless the two Houses, acting separately, shall decide that such votes are not those of the lawful electors of the State. This provision throws the entire responsibility upon the State, and if the State loses its vote, it is because it has not chosen to secure it.

This arrangement compels the States to settle controversies, or risk the loss of their votes. It reserves all the rightful authority of the State, of the Senate, and of the House, and it disposes of one of the most serious and, so to speak, utterly gratuitous dangers that lurked in our system of Presidential elections. During the exciting controversy of 1877 an enormous volume was published containing the history of "the electoral count" as it had taken place at every Presidential election, with the debates upon the various questions that had arisen. It showed the utter folly of the assertion that the whole power of deciding the election was vested either in the Vice-President or in the House of Representatives, both of which assertions were lustily made in 1877. It was a very valuable compilation, which demonstrated the necessity of the legislation which has now been effected, and it may be read with profit to learn how slow a nation may be to escape a peril after it has been plainly proved.

PROMOTION IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

One of the most valuable of recent contributions to the discussion of methods of administrative reform is Mr. Burt's letter to the *Evening Post* upon examinations for promotion. Mr. Burt's long practical experience in the public service, and his remarkable executive ability, with his sincere belief in the reformed system, of which he was one of the earliest and most intelligent and forcible advocates, give great weight to his suggestions. It is not too much to say that there is no man whose opinion upon the subject would be more authoritative. The subject is one of peculiar difficulty, and there have been very different views sincerely and strongly held as to the best method of securing promotion justly both to the service and to the officer. The old and usual plan of promotion by mere personal favor is as great a folly and wrong as all the other abuses that spring from the stupid spoils system. Promotion determined by political pressure and personal partiality is a gross injustice to the officers and to the service, and the remedy is to be found in a scheme based upon a definite and reasonable principle.

This is precisely what Mr. Burt supplies. The conceded principle that merit ascertained by fair competition should determine entrance to the service he extends to promotion, but with the differences that spring from the difference of conditions. The examination for admission is twofold—a test of specific knowledge and general intelligence, and a probation to determine practical capacity and competency. Now when a man's adequate knowledge and intelligence have been ascertained, and his practical capacity proved, and he is already in the service, his promotion should depend upon the general ability with which he has discharged his duty. His daily discharge of duty, therefore, is a constant competitive examination for promotion. But to make it effective and just, a faithful daily record must be kept. It is unfair to trust to the general recollection of the superior officer, whose judgment may easily be affected by a hundred irrelevant considerations. The only safe and satisfactory record must be a daily record honestly kept.

In brief, Mr. Burt proposes that this record should note punctuality and fidelity in attendance; industry; efficiency, shown by the character of the work and its freedom from errors; and conduct in the general sense of personal behavior, obedience to official rules of discipline, and observance of morality and courtesy. These observations are to be marked upon a scale of one hundred as a maximum, and the monthly averages of the record can be computed, compared, and registered. In using these records, to the mean of the average of a man's marking for his whole period of service, and for the position he then occupies, should be added one unit for every five years of service in the office, and two for every five years in the present position. The mean of the two averages, with this addition, would make the promotion standing. This should be entered in order upon an eligible list, excluding those below a certain fixed minimum. The whole eligible list should be furnished to the appointing officer, and should he select any name below the highest, he should record his reasons. This is substantially the scheme, and its reasons are most cogent. The publicity of the records secures impartiality and good faith. Seniority in service has due allowance. Occasional daily errors of judgment in marking are corrected in the average of the long period of marking. The scheme also provides a minimum which would be a constant test of incapacity which warrants removal, while by the same means "dry-rot," the bane of a stable civil service, is avoided. The scheme is carefully considered, reasonable, simple, and practicable, and goes far to solve the difficulties of the question of promotion.

THE NEW SOUTH.

The gentlemen who on behalf of the publishing house of Harper & Brothers have recently made a prolonged excursion in the Southern States returned a few days ago with the most delightful impressions of their journey. The party, which made the tour on the invitation and as the guests of Mr. John H. Inman, a merchant with large interests North and South, and a devoted and enterprising friend of American industries, was composed of Messrs. Charles Dudley Warner, Kirk Munroe, Charles Graham, John Durkin, Horace Bradley, and William Armitage Harper, authors and artists, and a representative of the Harper publishing house. They were received everywhere with a courtesy and kindness and hospitality which cannot be forgotten. The object of the visit was to see the "new South," to observe the social, industrial, and educational changes of the last few years, in order that the actual condition of "the South" might be faithfully reported by pen and pencil, and the good feeling which springs from accurate knowledge, and which binds every part of the country more closely than ever before, may be confirmed and strengthened.

For such a purpose there could be no happier selection of a leader than Mr. Warner. His trained faculty of shrewd observation, his just mind and ready sympathy, his great intelligence and large experience of travel, his tact and humor and cheeriness, which make him always a charming companion, especially fitted him for this enterprise. His companions were all animated by the same spirit, and the little private embassy, we are sure, was a very happy representation, which "the North" cannot send nor "the South" welcome without mutual advantage. The party left New York on the 2d of November, and proceeded to Lynchburg, Richmond, Danville, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Knoxville, Chattanooga, South Pittsburgh, Nashville, Birmingham, Montgomery, Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, Memphis, and Louisville. They were received with friendly warmth by the Mayors of the cities and Boards of Trade and industrial corporations and clubs and prominent citizens. In New Orleans Mr. Charles Gayarré, the historian of Louisiana, at a pleasant meeting of the municipal authorities and other citizens, made an eloquent and admirable speech of welcome, breathing the most generous national spirit blended with a just local pride. The members of the party visited, under the best auspices, the schools and colleges and mines and factories and plantations, seeing the various processes of many industries, and obtaining specific and valuable information of every kind, and they have returned with the profound conviction that the impulse of a new and healthy life has penetrated the whole frame of life and activity in those States, which will tend to make the common national life stronger and better.

The results of the observations and the conclusions of "the Harper party" will appear in continuation of the series already begun in the Harper periodicals upon "the new South." Political differences and the friction of races are yielding to the beneficent touch of healthy industrial enterprise and a fresh prosperity. Mr. Warner has already done a great and truly national service in recording his views of the social situation in the Southern States, and his wise and judicious spirit is that of patriotic men everywhere. Peace hath her victories, and her leaders are not less highly renowned than those of war. We shall be very glad if this little "voyage of discovery in the South," as it was gayly and happily called by Mr. Gayarré, shall result, as we do not doubt that it will, in binding more closely interests and ties and a common welfare which know no South and no North, but only one land, and in confirming the lines of Goethe,

> "North and South and every land
> Rest within his peaceful hand."

SENATORS AS RAILROAD ATTORNEYS.

Toward the close of the last session of Congress Mr. Beck introduced a bill prohibiting Senators and Representatives from becoming attorneys or agents for railway companies that receive aid from Congress. The object of such a bill is obvious. It is to remove temptation from legislators, and to save the country from a possible disgrace. The bill was passed by a large majority. But it was subsequently reconsidered and referred to the Judiciary Committee, which reported it in a form which was plainly intended to invite defeat. The amended bill proposes to prohibit Senators and Representatives from serving as attorneys for or against any corporation or person engaged in making or selling any article affected by the tariff laws. This, of course, is an attempted *reductio ad absurdum.* It is intended to ridicule the limitation of discretion in the matter, and it has been suggested that such a law is a reflection upon the Congressional representatives of the States and of the people. But the Constitution imposes similar limits upon their discretion, and the limitation is in no sense a reflection upon Senators or Representatives.

The Constitution prohibits the appointment of a member of Congress to any civil office created during the term for which he was elected. This provision implies that a member may have a corrupt or interested design in his vote to create the office. But does any member feel it to be an injurious reflection upon him? So also every person holding an office of profit or trust under the United States is forbidden to accept any present, emolument, office, or title from any king, prince, or foreign state. This is a pretty plain suggestion that such officers might not be superior to bribery. But does any man feel himself wronged by taking an office under this condition? These provisions show that it is not ridiculous to limit the discretion of office-holders or members of Congress in such matters, and that there is no personal reflection whatever. To say, as has been said, that Mr. Beck's bill applies only to the small number of citizens who are members of Congress, and that it is therefore a stigma, is absurd. Only that number of citizens are liable to the temptation or could be guilty of the offence which the bill contemplates. It is inevitable, therefore, that if the possible mischief is to be corrected, it must be by a provision attaching to members of Congress and to nobody else. It is no more a stigma upon them than the constitutional disability to be appointed to a certain class of offices which are open to all other citizens.

We understand the reason of Senator HAWLEY'S motion to reconsider to have been that the sudden passage of such a bill without the usual reference to and consideration by a committee assumed that there was a special exigency which did not brook delay. In other words, it seemed to imply that members of Congress were so eager to resort to discreditable courses that summary action was necessary to prevent them. This reason may be allowed its due weight. But the return of the bill, transformed into a shape which might well be unsatisfactory to its best friends, certainly made the reference suspicious. We do not mean that Senator HAWLEY meant to kill the bill by indirection. That is not his way. He is a hard hitter, but he is a square fighter. The reason for the reference which we have mentioned was a valid reason. But the motion nevertheless served the purpose of the opponents of the bill. The proposition of the original bill is perfectly intelligible, and its purpose is plain. It is a point which every one can understand as he can understand the similar prohibitions of the Constitution. "The plain people" can equally understand the object of the changes in the bill, and they understand quite as well the significance of Senatorial tactics to delay its consideration. Should the result be the defeat of the original proposition, the Senate which refuses to inquire into the PAYNE election, and insists that its members may hold retainers from corporations which enjoy Congressional subsidies, and which refuses to make public the consideration of executive nominations, will certainly not have elevated the name of the Senate of the United States.

"HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS."

AT the Christmas season of the last generation there was general anticipation of a new holiday book from DICKENS and THACKERAY, and the pleasant expectation was rewarded year after year. We are coming to cherish the same hope of a Christmas book from Mr. W. HAMILTON GIBSON, the artist, and the author also, whose marvellous delicacy of sympathetic touch in reproducing the aspects of nature has given him a distinctive fame. This year his beautiful and valuable volume is felicitously called *Happy Hunting Grounds: a Tribute to the Woods and Fields*, and it is such a tribute as only a lover could render. This beautiful book sings with Amiens:

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

Mr. GIBSON must take his place as an acute and delightful observer of nature with GILBERT WHITE and HENRY THOREAU and JOHN BURROUGHS. But he has the fortunate ability of making his reader see in picture the very object or effect that he saw in nature, and thus vividly to renew his own observation and enjoyment. Like the other masters in the charming guild, also, he points out what the general eye would hardly see, and interprets it with happy skill, so that reading his richly illustrated books is like walking in leafy and sequestered paths hearing the hermit-thrush, or on the open upland and in the sunny meadow singing with the jocund bobolink.

Mr. GIBSON is evidently as familiar with the literature as with the aspect of the woods and fields, and in the *Happy Hunting Grounds* he wonders at the little regard paid by HENRY THOREAU to the witch-hazel, which GIBSON justly regards as a singularly interesting plant, and one that would naturally appeal to THOREAU'S genius. The change in holiday taste and intelligence and the extraordinary progress in the typographical art and the art of wood-engraving within a few years are signally illustrated by this work. The old Christmas *Token* and *Keepsake* and *Souvenir* by the side of the *Happy Hunting Grounds* seem relics of a time when the world was very young and literature and art were yet to come.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN AND MR. FROUDE.

THE publication of Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S letter to Mr. FROUDE adds nothing to the CARLYLE controversy but a statement of the fact, which is not denied, that CARLYLE left all his papers to Mr. FROUDE as his literary executor to be used at his discretion. This has not been disputed. The complaint is that Mr. FROUDE used his discretion with such absolute indifference and carelessness of the moral trust involved in such a bequest as to result in the greatest and most irreparable injury to the man who trusted him. The evidence of this fact is copious and conclusive. It is shown in Mr. NORTON'S article in the *Princeton Review*, and in his appendix to the *Early Letters of Carlyle*, from boyhood to his marriage—a work which Mr. NORTON has carefully edited, and which is just published. It is one of the most interesting collection of letters in English literature, and it is the best biography of CARLYLE during the time that it covers.

The feeling of CARLYLE himself in regard to the publication of the *Reminiscences* of his wife is upon record in the memorandum which was inserted at the end of the little book in which the *Reminiscences* were written. This is the memorandum:

> "I still mainly mean to *burn* this book before my own departure, but feel that I shall always have a kind of grudge to do it, and an indolent excuse, 'not *yet*; wait, any day that can be done!'—and that it *is* possible the thing *may* be left behind me, legible to interested survivors—*friends* only, I will hope, and with worthy curiosity—not *un*worthy! In which event, I solemnly forbid them, each and all, to publish this bit of writing *as it stands here*; and warn them that *without fit editing* no *parts* of it should be printed (nor, so far as I can order, *shall* ever be); and that the fit editing of perhaps nine-tenths of it will, after I am gone, have become *impossible*."

The doubt and hesitation expressed in such words would seem to be the most pathetic appeal to a friend and a conscientious man under no circumstances to permit the publication except with the utmost scrupulous care and consideration for all concerned. But it was published without even ordinary attention. The book, as printed, teems with inaccuracies, misprints, and blunders, extending even to total perversion of CARLYLE'S words and meaning. The offence, indeed, is monstrous.

Sir JAMES STEPHEN says that Mr. FROUDE was "guilty of no other fault than that of practising CARLYLE'S great doctrine that men ought to tell the truth." But Sir JAMES STEPHEN could not say, after comparing the published work with the original as Mr. NORTON has done, that it was a truthful work. Mr. NORTON is the only person besides Mr. FROUDE who has read the love-letters of the CARLYLES, and in the appendix to the *Early Letters*, which should be read in order to understand how Mr. FROUDE has done his work, Mr. NORTON says that the letters between CARLYLE and JANE WELSH from 1821 to 1826

> "afford a view of their characters and their relations to each other different both in particulars and general effect from that given by Mr. FROUDE. His narrative is a story 'founded on fact,' elaborated with the art of a practised romancer, in which assertion and inference, unsupported by evidence or contradictory to it, often take the place of correct statement. Even if the form of truth be preserved, a color not its own is given to it by the imagination of the writer."

Mr. NORTON proceeds to show this in detail and conclusively. The letter of Sir JAMES STEPHEN must be regarded as the final and strongest defence of Mr. FROUDE'S conduct in the matter, and it is wholly inadequate.

THE VOTE IN BOSTON.

THE result of the late Mayoralty election in Boston indicates that the organization of a labor party throughout the country is not so probable as it appeared to be after the large vote for Mr. GEORGE in New York. Mr. MCNEILL, the labor candidate in Boston, received only about half as many votes as there were names said to be signed to the letter inviting him to become a candidate. Mr. GEORGE went to Boston and spoke. But the result of the election must be depressing to those who have counted upon a general organization. Among the most eager of these observers have been the BLAINE Republicans, who saw in the labor vote a probable division of the Democratic vote, and a consequent victory for Mr. BLAINE.

But the returns in Boston are said to show that the labor vote was drawn as largely from the Republicans as from the Democrats. In New York also the GEORGE vote was largely recruited from German Republicans and from those who are called sentimentalists in politics, and who are chiefly found in the Republican ranks. Men of a politically humane and speculative temperament are numerous, and they incline naturally to the party of moral ideas, so that it is not certain that the Republican vote would not suffer from a labor candidacy in 1888.

The Boston election tends to show that there is little Democratic disposition to desert the old party lines. The reason for this is in great part both the extent and the practical vagueness of the labor platform. At present it represents an aspiration rather than a policy, but parties organize only about distinct and definite measures. It was assumed rather hastily that the large GEORGE vote in New York had more than a local significance. But this now seems doubtful. At least the probability of an extensive labor organization is much smaller than it would have been had Mr. MCNEILL polled 10,000 instead of 3500 votes.

THE McQUADE CONVICTION.

THE prompt conviction of MCQUADE was very gratifying, because it was less MCQUADE than our judicial system which was on trial. The first trial ended in apparently proving the inadequacy of our legal procedure to secure justice even in the plainest case. There was no intelligent observer of the course of the investigation of the Broadway Railroad, from the proceedings before the Senate committee to the verdict in the first trial, who was not morally certain of the bribery.

The failure of the first trial indicated that the "boodle" which could corrupt aldermen was apparently effective elsewhere, and there is no doubt of a very general suspicion that a jury in the city courts is not a body absolutely superior to manipulation. If the second trial, with all the added care of the prosecution, had also miscarried, the conviction would have been irresistible that justice is no match for "boodle."

It would be a great public benefit if the bribers could be brought to justice with the bribed. The former are the guiltier. They are the active and more intelligent agents of the crime; and whether they are great corporations or little contractors, they are public enemies. The bland agents of a railroad company buying votes in a legislature are equally criminal with the kindred speculators who buy the votes of aldermen. The officers of corporations who connive at legislative corruption are confederates in the actual offence. If they also could be made to suffer the penalty, it would be more truly a matter of congratulation than the conviction of ignorant tools like MCQUADE.

THE STAR-CHAMBER VICTORY.

THE resolution of Mr. PLATT in favor of open sessions to consider executive nominations was laid upon the table without debate, by a vote of 32 to 21. There were 17 Republicans and 15 Democrats who voted to lay it upon the table, and 15 Republicans and 6 Democrats who opposed the motion. Among these last Republicans was Senator HAWLEY, who, we regret to observe, in explaining his vote, expressed his opposition to the resolution.

The opponents were wise in not entering upon a debate and trying to evade a defence of the secret session. Senator EDMUNDS, a day or two before, opposed the repeal of the tenure of office act, for the reason, among others, that the repeal was inconsonant with civil service reform. But nothing more surely fosters and confirms some of the worst abuses which that reform would correct than the secret executive sessions to consider nominations. The pamphlet of Mr. DORMAN B. EATON which is just published treats the whole subject exhaustively and vigorously. It is not a conciliatory treatment, but it is conclusive, and the pamphlet will be found entertaining as well as instructive.

Laying the resolution upon the table means only a lull in the fight. The resolution itself is a part of the movement for better politics and honester government, which will not be laid on the table, but will be constantly urged to a successful issue. It must be taken up in the Senate by a leader who is strongly persuaded and thoroughly in earnest, and the very few votes which are now necessary to pass the resolution will be secured.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR ALLAN MARQUAND, of Princeton College, has purchased the magnificent estate formerly owned by Judge FIELD in that town, and known far and wide as the most beautiful and extensive country-seat in that region. Many a walk have the Princeton students taken in those grounds, especially "after chapel" of a summer afternoon; and the famous "Lovers' Lane" is the southern boundary of Professor MARQUAND'S new home. The price paid was $50,000. Princeton has several rich professors, each owning a charming country-seat, to say nothing of the splendid country-seat which her President occupies.

—An illustrated catalogue of the paintings and sculptures of the A. T. STEWART gallery is now making, and the entire collection of art works will soon be sold at auction. No one of the heirs wants the pictures or statues. Each prefers cash, and in a few weeks the gallery will be empty, and the marble palace of which it is a part will have been disposed of at private sale, probably to one of the clubs.

—MEISSONIER'S picture of NAPOLEON reviewing his troops, known as "1807," for which Mr. A. T. STEWART paid $60,000, is painted on two pieces of canvas. The original canvas was found by the artist to be not long enough, and so he lengthened it, after most of his work was done. It is not believed that at auction the painting will fetch its original price.

—No Southerners who have conferred distinction upon American literature deserve more of their countrymen than the late PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE and RICHARD HENRY WILDE, and there is very general sympathy with the project of marking their graves by suitable monuments. The necessary funds will undoubtedly be raised, by the action of the North not less than of the South. Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS has already sent his check for $500.

—Authors do not always write a legible hand. A New York author on a summer's day sent a note home to his wife asking her to forward by messenger a sheet of manuscript that he had left in his library. The boy soon returned with an old white hat. The author became very angry, and destroyed the hat with his heels.

—In a book-binding factory some elderly women were busily folding printed sheets, making eight pages of one sheet. "Have they been with you long?" asked a visitor of the superintendent. "Twenty years," was the reply. "And doing nothing but folding sheets?" "Nothing but that for twenty years."

—EDWIN FORREST'S last public appearance was as a reader of *Othello* in Boston. While the audience was dispersing, the door-keeper said, "I hope we shall have you with us long, Mr. FORREST." "Oh yes," he replied; "all the week." "I didn't mean here in Boston, but in the world." "Ah, as to that," rejoined the old actor, "how uncertain and vague it all is!" The next week he was dead.

—Professor PATTEN, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, is temporarily filling the chair of the late Dr. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE in the same institution, and will undoubtedly be elected his successor. Professor PATTEN, however, denies to his friends that he either wants or seeks the place. Princeton men are sorry that the honored name of HODGE is at last to disappear from the department of systematic theology, with which for half a century it has been associated.

—The private view at the Grolier Club of the original drawings by Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY, illustrative of GOLDSMITH'S comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was an event of unique artistic interest, and some of the artist's friends wished that he could have been present to hear his praises sung. In spite of his unusual honors, Mr. ABBEY is very modest. He cannot but value, however, the singularly hearty reception which his great work has met at the hands of both critics and painters, and which is being borne to him across the sea as a Christmas gift.

—Messrs. F. J. DE PEYSTER, RUSSELL STURGIS, JOSEPH W. HARPER, Jun., and ALLAN MARQUAND have been appointed delegates from New York to the General Council of the Archæological Institute, which is composed of representatives of the local societies in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The Institute is especially interested in the School of Classical Studies at Athens, and work is proceeding rapidly upon the foundation of the new American building in that ancient city.

—The will of the late ANNE WALN RYERSS, of Philadelphia, left $70,000 to found an infirmary for dumb animals in that city—a bequest influenced by her interest in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

—Nearly two hundred well-known citizens of Chicago were present at a reception given to JANAUSCHEK, the actress, recently, the occasion being the first of its kind in the Garden City. It is understood that several events of like character will take place during the winter.

—One of the California Argonauts who has had a remarkable career is SAMUEL BRANNAN, now living in poverty at Nogales, a small Arizona town just this side of the Mexican border. BRANNAN brought a ship-load of Mormons to California in the first days of the gold rush; he superintended the affairs of the colony, and accumulated a large fortune in a few years, especially in San Francisco real estate; but business reverses suddenly overcame him, and for twenty years he has lived in Sonora, expecting to retrieve his fortunes by the development of a large grant of land from the Mexican government.

—The Pennsylvania Historical Society entertained at its annual dinner this year the commission met to prepare for the Centennial of the Constitution. The continuity of our national life was strikingly illustrated, as the dinner had for its presiding officer WAYNE MACVEAGH, whose name represents his relationship to General ANTHONY WAYNE; and WILLIAM WIRT HENRY, who responded for Virginia, is the descendant of WILLIAM WIRT and PATRICK HENRY; and HENRY CABOT LODGE, who spoke for Massachusetts, is the descendant of GEORGE CABOT, once Secretary of the Navy; while a lineal descendant of WILLIAM PENN spoke for Pennsylvania.

The Thought-Reader of Angels

(Reported by Truthful James.)

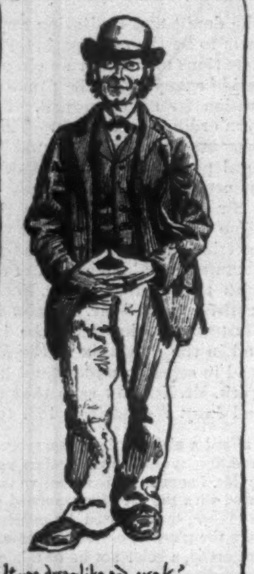
by Bret Harte.

WE hev tumbled ez the dust,
  Or ez worms of the yearth;
Wot we looked for hez bust!
  We are objects of mirth;
They hev played us—old Pards of the river!—they
  hev played us for all we was worth!

Was it euchre or draw
  Cut us off in our bloom?
Was it faro, whose law
  Is onsartain ez doom?
Or an innocent "Jack pot" that—opened—was to
  us ez the jaws of the tomb?

It was nary. It kem
  With some sharps from the States.
Ez folks sez, "All things kem
  To the fellers ez waits";
And we'd waited six months for that suthin'—had
  me and Bill Nye—in such straits!

And it kem. It was small;
  It was dream-like and weak;


'It was dreamlike and weak!'

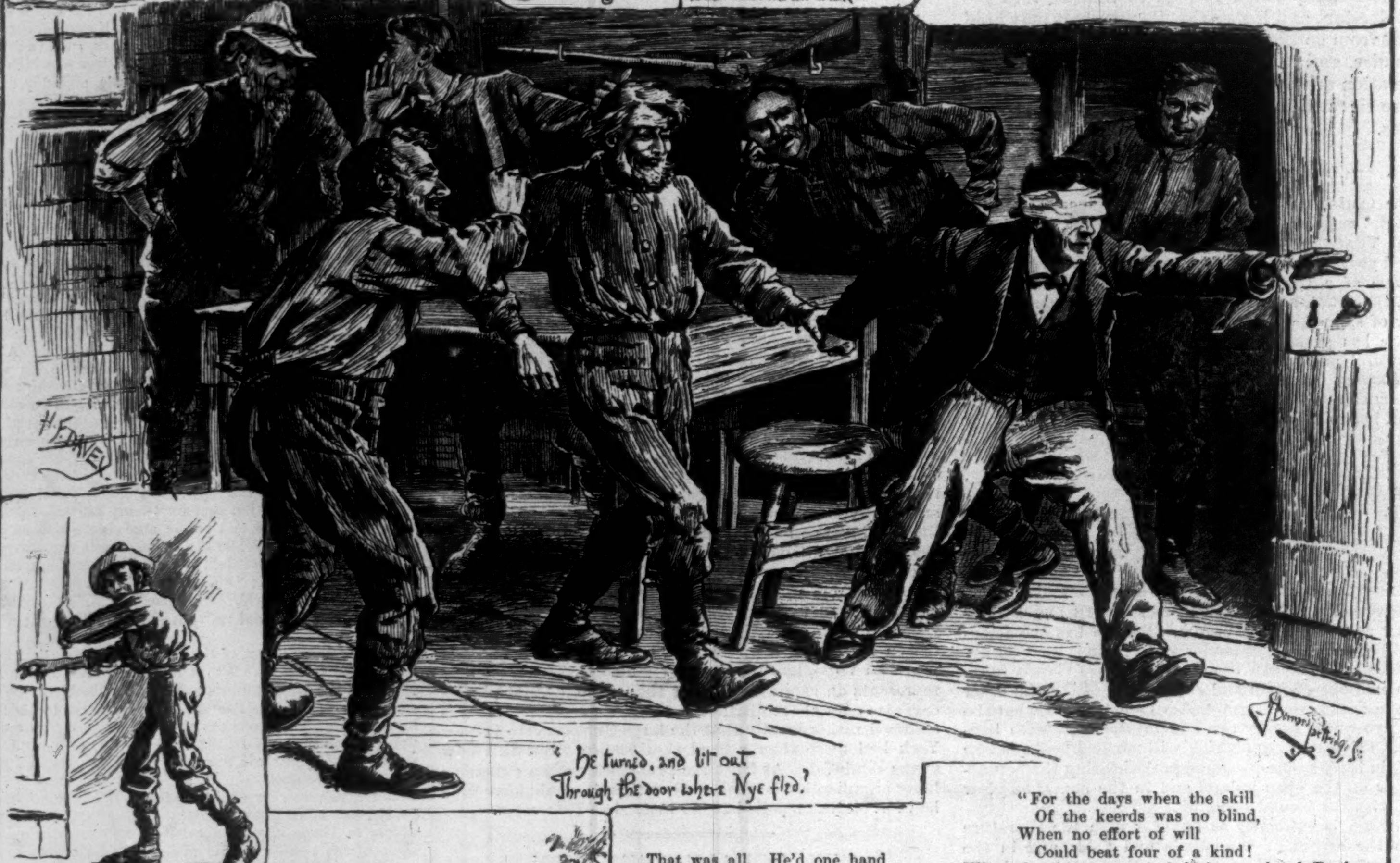
It wore store clothes—that's all
  That we knew, so to speak;
But it called itself "Bilson, Thought-Reader"—
  which ain't half a name for its cheek!

He could read wot you thought,
  And he knew wot you did;
He could find things untaught,
  No matter whar hid.
And he went to it blindfold and smiling, being led
  by the hand like a kid.

Then I glanced at Bill Nye,
  And I sez, without pride,
"You'll excuse *us*. We've nigh
  Onto nothin' to hide;
But if some gent will lend us a twenty, we'll hide
  it whar folks shall decide."

It was Billson's own self
  Who forked over the gold
With a smile. "Thar's the pelf,"
  He remarked; "I make bold
To advance it, and go twenty better that I'll find
  it without being told."

Then I passed it to Nye,
  Who repassed it to me.
And we bandaged each eye
  Of that Billson—ez we
Softly dropped that coin in his coat pocket, ez the
  hull crowd around us could see.


'He turned, and lit out
Through the door where Nye fled.'

That minnit Nye sloped!

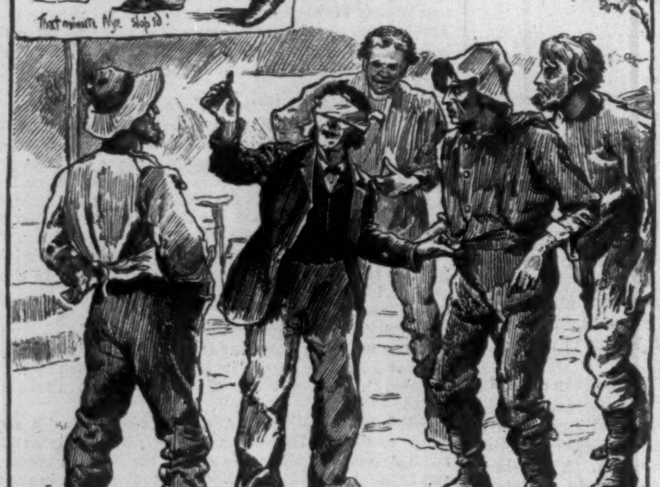
That was all. He'd one hand
  Locked in mine. Then he groped.
We could not understand
  Why that minnit Nye sloped,
For we knew we'd the dead thing on
  Billson—even more than we
  dreamed of or hoped.

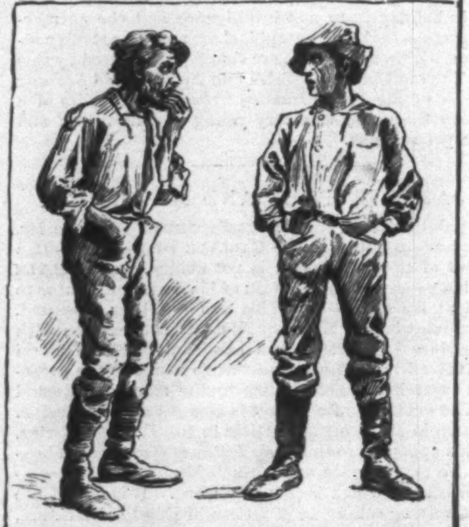
For he stood thar in doubt,
  With his hand to his head;
Then he turned, and lit out
  Through the door where Nye fled;
Draggin' me and the rest of us arter,
  while we larfed till we thought
  we was dead,

Till he overtook Nye
  And went through him. Words fail
For what follers! Kin I
  Paint our agonized wail
Ez he drew from Nye's pocket that
  twenty wot we'd sworn was in
  his own coat tail!

And it *was!* But, when found,
  It proved bogus and brass!
And the question goes round,
  How the thing kem to pass?
Or, if *passed*, was it passed thar by
  William; and I listens, and echoes
  "Alas!

"For the days when the skill
  Of the keerds was no blind,
When no effort of will
  Could beat four of a kind!
When the thing wot you held in your hand, Pard,
  was worth more than the thing in your mind!"


'He drew from Nye's pocket that twenty.'



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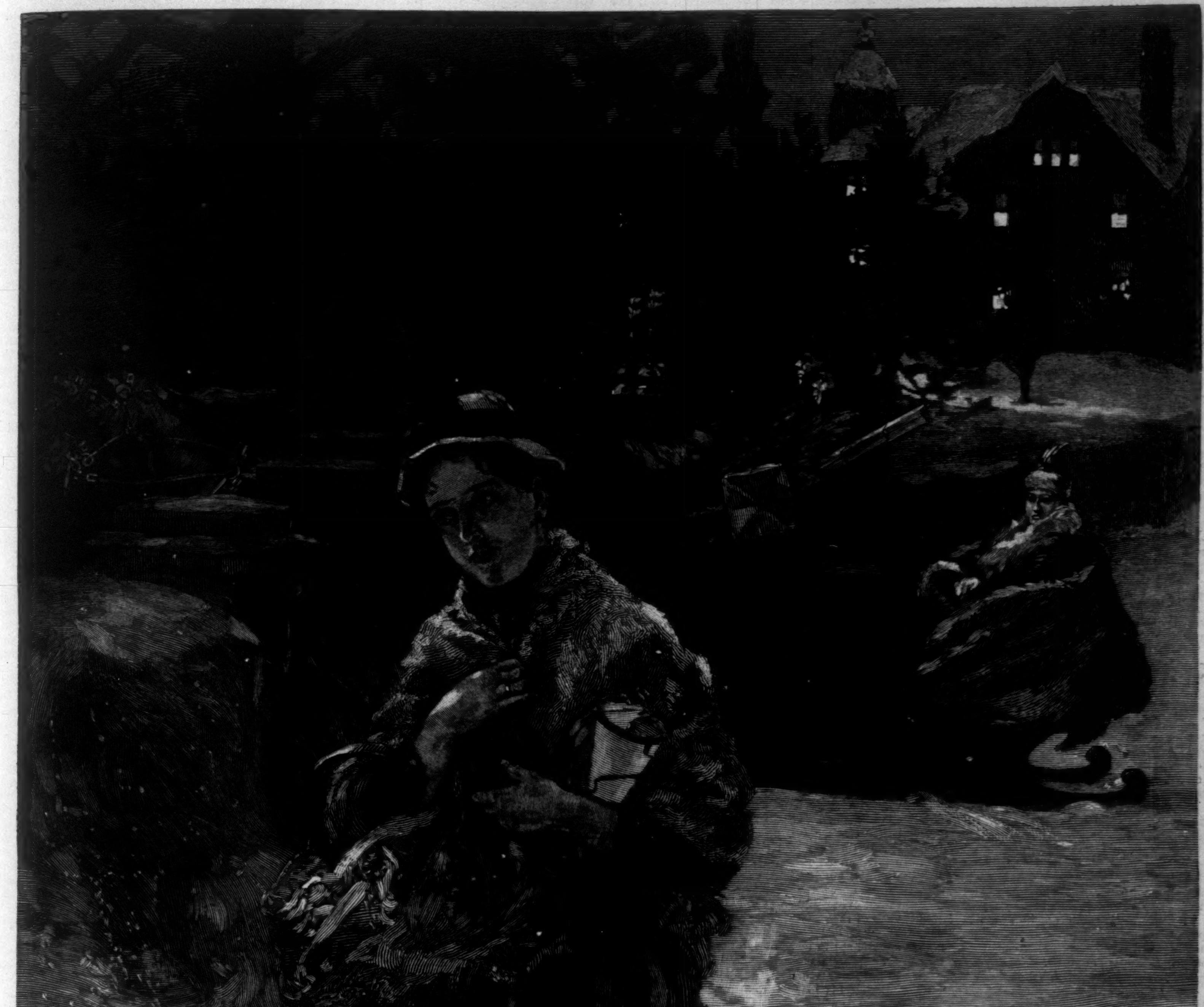


CHRISTMAS EVE—THE COUSINS.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

SAMUEL PULSIFER'S OPPORTUNITY.

"Ask Sarmwell, ask Sarmwell," said the host of the Harbor House, whisking the flies from his bald head as he sat tilted against the wall upon his veranda. "If it's anything that Sarmwell can't tell you, you might as well give it up. I believe that feller would make King Solomon draw in his horns, if it ain't perfanin' Scripter to say so. Politics? why, he's got the whole history of the country at his tongue's end, and the show Hackett's Harbor made last election was owin' to him and religion. When it comes to free grace 'n' 'lection, he don't leave the minister a leg to stan' on. 'N' raised right here in these parts, so fur as you can call it raisin'; he done the most of it himself, though 'Lias Moody did take him in 'n' keep him off'n the town when he was a little mite of a chap, 'n' did for him consid'able when he had anything to do with—shif'less, 'Lias was—but, land! 'twa'n't long that anybody was called upon to do for Sarmwell. Took care of himself ever sence he was as high as that gardineer"—the landlord pointed to a red tub containing a wilted geranium, which constituted the house's claim to "highly ornamented grounds," as per advertisement. "Fit his way along smarter'n a steel-trap, lookin' into everything 'n' learnin' more'n the school-master knew; fit his way through college, workin' every spare minute—school-keepin', clerkin' it, conductin' 'n' drivin' horse-cars—actilly carryin' a hod one time. Studyin' law now. Lucky that I could get him to clerk it for me this summer, for there ain't no other one man in Ameriky that could answer all the questions folks asks; nateral history dissecters comes here, 'n' Injin relickers, fishin' folks; quiet folks that wants the crickets muzzled, 'n' hoppin' folks that wants a band; there ain't but one thing common to 'em, 'n' that's askin' questions. Sarmwell *he's* a match for 'em."

"Dear! dear! I must see this clerk," murmured Mrs. Armington to her niece, taking out her note-book. I am sure he is a type. The natives have hitherto proved so commonplace and unsatisfactory."

The niece, Miss Seraphine Collamore, colored sensitively; the clerk was coming out of the office of the hotel with her uncle, Mr. Sidney Collamore, and must have become aware that he was considered "a type." There was a suspicion of a flush on his bronzed cheeks, but his gray eyes were clear and steady, and his manner perfectly self-possessed. Miss Seraphine Collamore blushed still more vividly as she met his glance—a circumstance which was very annoying to herself.

Mrs. Armington surveyed him, note-book in hand, with as calm a curiosity as if he were a well-preserved specimen of the dodo.

He was somewhat rustic in appearance, high-shouldered, long-limbed, and loose-jointed, but with regular features and a fine head, although somewhat too large, which Mrs. Armington afterward spoke of as "leonine."

"Found out by Sarmwell, didn't you? I told you you couldn't catch Sarmwell nappin'," said the landlord, complacently. The young man looked intensely annoyed. The young lady turned her head away with sympathetic tact.

Mrs. Armington smiled with bland condescension upon the clerk. "I should like to take you with me on several excursions," she said. "I am sure you could assist me in my researches. I should be willing to pay—"

A vigorous nudge of her brother's elbow stopped her.

"Dear! dear! how can one keep always in mind the ridiculous sensitiveness of these natives?" she remarked, after they had mounted the buckboard which was in waiting for them. "But I am glad you stopped me, Sidney, for I think he may really be useful to me."

"He is a remarkable young man," said her brother, emphatically. "I've been sounding him. He knows more law than many a man who has practised twenty years, and he knows that two and two make four, which is unparalleled in a man of his years."

"I knew that he was remarkable the moment I saw him; I said so," said Mrs. Armington, who liked to have the credit of making discoveries. "And his head is so fine one wishes he were a bronze. Now I think of it, Seraph, he would be a perfect model for your head of St. Paul. Well, perhaps not quite spiritual enough"—as Seraph shook her head, smiling slightly—"but certainly quite as much so as that Italian model who disappeared when you had just begun it. You talked about the sentiment in his face, but I could never see it."

"Giuseppi had a sweetheart who died," said Seraph. "I doubt whether this man—" And then she stopped short, coloring again. It was absurd to be speculating upon the love affairs of the hotel clerk, although one might do it in a purely æsthetic and impersonal way. She was ashamed to remember that she had received a vague impression, when his eyes met hers, that he was possessed of sentiment, although perhaps in an undeveloped form. And yet why should one be ashamed? He was not, she was sure, a vulgarly "cute" and pushing Yankee, as Aunt Fanny seemed to think. He had sometimes impressed her as being as fine a gentleman by nature as she had ever met. And how hard a time he had had! Her imagination pictured the little ragged, barefooted boy he must have been, fighting against Fate with only the aid of his own small hands, and the "cute" brains that were lurking under his tawny locks. The dangers he had passed were quite unlike Othello's, but Miss Seraph Collamore seemed likely to view them after Desdemona's fashion.

She felt vaguely irritated that Aunt Fanny and her uncle Sidney would go on talking about him, viewing him from their superior heights.

"It's wonderful the intellectual force that crops out among the common people once in a while," Mr. Sidney Collamore was saying. "His father was a fisherman who could scarcely read, and there was no better blood on the mother's side. He has a tough struggle still before him; the profession is overcrowded; but he will make his way. I feel a strong impulse to help him to a chance. I'm not sure but I should be doing myself a good turn too. I feel the need of some fresh brains and energy in my business." Mr. Sidney Collamore was himself in the foremost ranks of the legal profession.

"My dear Sidney! you wouldn't take him into your own office?" exclaimed Mrs. Armington. "And yet as an experiment it would be interesting. One would like to see the effect of civilization upon him, and yet one couldn't quite, under any circumstances, receive him socially."

"You would see all the best girls in B—— setting their caps for him in a few years. Nowadays, when a young man gets to the top of the heap, he is not asked to display the bones of his ancestors."

"Oh, Sidney! you know we have not those terrible levelling notions in B——. A young man *is* expected to have them."

"The bones? Well, this young man has the backbone of some of them."

Mr. Collamore was very much pleased with this small joke, and gratified that, although his sister ignored it, his niece responded to it by smiling brightly.

Meanwhile the clerk was pursuing his vocation of general enlightener, and only a vague thrilling of his pulses remained of his encounter with Miss Seraph's deep blue orbs and bewildering blush. The clerk knew well that such thrillings were not in his line. If he had been a good Catholic he would have crossed himself and cried Avaunt! As it was, he trusted his common-sense to nip this little weakness in the bud; it had never had just such a task imposed upon it before, but in other emergencies it had never failed him, and he thought it would not now.

He must make his occupation an excuse for declining to accompany Mrs. Armington on excursions in the character of a fountain of information. He would hold himself aloof as far as possible from these people, who were so far removed from his sphere. It was probable that even *she* of the deep blue eyes regarded him merely with curiosity as "a type." How those words which he had overheard rankled—when once he would have laughed them to scorn—because she heard them.

What pitiable, idiotic weakness for a man who professed to have himself well in hand! He ground his teeth, and opened his ears with a great effort to the complaints of a gouty old gentleman who wanted electric bells and an elevator put in, a chamber-maid arrested, and a bell-boy hanged, all before dinner-time.

And then the first time that Mrs. Armington asked him to go on an excursion he went. Cap'n Hackett, the landlord, thought it "wouldn't do to be unaccommodatin' to the swellest folks they'd ever had." And his clerk assented to this view of the case with an alacrity that surprised him, "seein'" (as he explained) "Sarmwell was a leetle apt to be contr'y."

His presence soon became almost indispensable to the success of Mrs. Armington's expeditions. Without his inexhaustible fund of information, the paper which she was preparing for the Antiquarian Society would be sadly incomplete; for the other natives were as ignorant and oblivious of their local history and traditions as the clams along their shores. She had so far forgotten her difficulties concerning his social position as to reprove her niece for cherishing unworthy prejudices because she never joined in her enthusiastic expressions of admiration for the young man. (Mrs. Armington herself was almost as dense as the clams concerning some things that were going on beneath her very nose.)

Mr. Collamore had not been able to resist his benevolent and business-like intention of giving the young man a chance in the shape of a position in his own office on most advantageous terms. To his surprise, Mr. Samuel Pulsifer showed some hesitancy in accepting, and asked for time to consider, although evidently much gratified.

"I can't quite make him out," said the lawyer; "but he has a reason; knows what he's about; and I'm impressed anew with his remarkable ability."

The Collamores made an excursion to Eagle Cliff the day after Mr. Collamore received this new impression. Acquaintances of theirs from B—— had arrived, and were of the party. Although the buck-board was somewhat crowded, Mrs. Armington insisted that Pulsifer should go, as there were some glacial marks on the rocks of the cliff which they might miss if he were not there to point them out.

One portly dame complained of being crowded, and conveyed unmistakable hints that she considered the presence of the hotel clerk a superfluity; and the result was that Pulsifer quietly announced his determination to walk back, a distance of six miles. Mrs. Armington was indignant at the rudeness offered to her *protégé*; that he should be sensitive had ceased to be ridiculous to her, and she declared that there was plenty of room; but he resisted all her entreaties. There was a flush of irritation upon his brow, and he tossed his hair back with a gesture which Mrs. Armington had discovered meant wounded pride.

But when she looked back at him standing alone upon the cliff, as the party drove away, his face was radiant. "What strangely varying moods he has! he is certainly a genius," she said to her niece.

And the niece preserved a shamefaced silence; as well she might, for the changed mood of "genius" was owing to the fact that she had made a distracting little *moue* at the portly lady's back, with a sympathizing look at Samuel Pulsifer, and thereupon they two had exchanged glances that made the old world new for both of them.

He watched the buck-board as long as certain golden braids were to be seen glinting in the sunset light. Then he stretched his arms out exultingly toward the sky. "I *meant* to have the world. I believed I could win that. But it is paradise that has come to me." The sky, pulsing with sunset splendor, rejoiced with him; the tops of the great pines, a billowy sea beneath his feet, were full of exultant voices.

Now he would accept the lawyer's offer; he had felt that he must, at any cost, keep away from the smile which had pierced, like a Damascus blade, the strong armor in which circumstance had encased him. Now all that was changed. It was only a look that had effected the change, but he was sure. She was a beauty and an heiress, but she loved him. And he should be worthy of her; she should never blush for him. He exulted as he never had done before in the stanch weapons to fight with fortune with which nature had endowed him.

He climbed down the cliff, almost perpendicular in some places, to take a short-cut through the woods. He might possibly reach home before the buck-board, and if he did; Upjohn, that city popinjay, whose drawl exasperated him, should not touch her hand as she alighted; neither snubs nor sneers could daunt him now. He was tasting joy for the first time in his harsh, meagre, struggling life, and it intoxicated him.

He was in the highway now; another short-cut across the fields and he would be in advance of the buck-board.

"Sarmwell! Sarmwell! I know it hain't you, but how can a head of hair be so deceivin'?" called an old and quavering voice.

The young man started from his joyful reverie, and looked in perplexity at the owner of the voice—a little old man whose appearance suggested that he had barely escaped with his life and his bundle from great perils and vicissitudes. He would have been a fat little old man if nature had met with the least encouragement in cushioning his bones, but, as it was, his flesh hung loosely upon them like an ill-fitting garment, and his double chin was so long and limp that it was a sight to behold.

From a net-work of deep lines his faded blue eyes looked out with a pathetically childlike expression.

"'Lias Moody! is it really you?" exclaimed Pulsifer suddenly, the perplexity clearing away from his face.

"Well, now, it is me, sure's you're born, though it hadn't ought to be," said the old man, apologetically. "I hadn't ought to 'a come to this, but it beats all how luck does drag you down, jest like an undertow, for all your strugglin'. I've earned consid'able, first and last, though my tarlents didn't run to stiddy work, and it's terrible hard for a man to change his nateral tarlents; but it's all been got away from me somehow or 'nother, and here I be. If 'twa'n't for goin' to the poor-house it seems as if I could stan' it. But I won't be a burden on my poor little Mary Jane nohow. She never was strong, Mary Jane wan't, and they say she's workin' at the hotel and tryin' to save up enough to put up a moniment to me in the grave-yard. It would be better for her and for me too, if I was layin' there. I thought 'twould be easier to come home, but I declare old friends look kind of slantways at me, jest like strangers, and seem to be in a hurry for fear I should want something of 'em."

The pathetic, hopeless tears of old age rolled down his cheeks. The young man was prodding his oaken walking-stick into the earth as vigorously as if his life depended upon his success. He was thinking of Mary Jane Moody. His conscience reproached him for having almost forgotten her existence. She waited on one of the tables in the dining-room of the Harbor House—the table where the Collamore party sat. He had only been anxious that they should be well served; he had reproved Mary Jane somewhat sharply when things went wrong there. He had observed in the early summer that she looked pale and worn; since then he had not thought of her at all. He would scarcely have expected her to have so much filial devotion. His impression was that Mary Jane was very light. She had once been pretty; how changed she was! He recalled the time when, at the respective ages of ten and six, he had firmly resolved and tenderly promised to marry Mary Jane when they grew up.

After that, in the intervals of his long absences, they had become, in his feeling at least, like brother and sister, until of late he had become altogether oblivious of her.

'Lias Moody had given him shelter and food and clothing when his own stores were but scanty; but for him he must have gone to the poor-house, or been bound out in a kind of slavery that was common at Hackett's Harbor. He had believed him to be dead; such a report had come from California, where 'Lias had gone to seek his fortune, and had felt a regret that he should never be able to make any return for the kindness shown him. But now—old 'Lias had returned so inopportunely! He had broken in upon his exultant mood like a ghost at a banquet. For although he was so meek and apologetic, the young man felt himself arraigned for his neglect of Mary Jane.

As far as his material debt was concerned, he might be considered to have paid that in the presents he had made Mary Jane. His first earnings had been devoted to that purpose. Many a time he had denied himself almost the necessaries of life to send her a dress, or a pair of gloves, or a ribbon. Naturally that custom had fallen into disuse. Mary Jane could take care of herself now, and probably would not wish to accept presents from him.

As for the old man's forlorn condition, it was only the natural result of his weak and reckless reliance upon luck. Such a course aroused wondering contempt in Pulsifer's prudent mind. He held a theory that it was never proper to help such people.

There was a sound of gay voices and laughter. Ahead of him, at a bend in the road, he saw the buck-board, which had just reached the highway from a side road. There were the shining golden braids again; their owner turned her head furtively around as if in search of some one.

"I must go," said Pulsifer, hastily, looking at his watch. "I ought to be at the hotel now. I—I shall see you again."

"Jest like all of 'em. He was in a hurry for fear I should want something of him," said the old man to himself, with bitter patience.

Pulsifer followed the golden braids, but Mary Jane and her father would not be banished from his mind. He looked at her from a new point of view that night. *She* had yellow hair, but there was no gold in it, and it was strained back from her face in an uncared-for and unbecoming way. Her face was thin and sallow, and her figure harsh, with angles where curves should have been. How long had she looked like this, and what had changed her so? She must have been obliged to work hard, and he knew that she had never been strong—he knew, but he had forgotten. He could not forget now, although he took Miss Seraph Collamore out rowing that evening alone for the first time, the arrangement having been effected by a dainty manœuvre of the young lady's, by which she outwitted the aunt and the portly matron, who had instilled suspicion into the single, scientific mind of the aunt.

The breeze was soft and perfumed, and the moonlight tender; the young lady was shy, expectant, perhaps a little overcome by the boldness of her strategy. But the young man was constrained and silent; a discordant note seemed to have been struck amid the soft harmonies of their intercourse. As he helped her out of the boat she saw that his face was very pale. "It is only because he loves me so much, and feels the distance between us," she said to herself, a little exultant thrill checking the sigh upon her lips. Alas! that was only another of the flattering tales which hope has told, since the world began, to maids and lovers by the summer sea. If she could have known that the young man's thoughts were with Mary Jane Moody washing dishes in the stifling back kitchen, she might have realized, as did her aunt and the portly matron, the folly of trying to bridge the social gulf between them.

After he had left Seraph at the hotel, Pulsifer walked back to the pier. It was deserted; for the guests at the Harbor House were chiefly middle-aged people, who preferred the sober delights of whist to disporting themselves upon the moonlit waves. As he paced up and down, looking vainly to the heavens above and the waters beneath for a solution to the doubts that tormented him, a hand was laid upon his arm, and he turned to see Mary Jane, her face wan and tear-stained in the moonlight. "I wouldn't have come to you, only I haven't anybody else," she said, "and father's come home, and he's very sick. He was worn out; he had walked miles and miles, with scarcely anything to eat, and when he got here, to his own old home, there was no welcome for him. Ebe Tallby and one or two others refused him a shelter for the night; they were afraid he would be sick on their hands. They found him over by Porter's Ledge unconscious. It is a slight shock of paralysis, the doctor says. I think he meant to drown himself. He is at Dr. Clapp's now, but I must provide a place for him. I have some money put away—almost forty dollars; it isn't for charity that I've come to you; but I'm so tired out and bewildered I can't seem to think what is to be done. You will help me, won't you?—though you don't care for me as you used to. Oh, Sam, what was it that came between us, even before *she* came? You loved me once, but you grew cold. I was always just the same. I don't mean to blame you; I know I'm not good enough for you. I'm not like her—"

"Hush! hush! it is all a mistake," he said. He had put his arm around her, and she was sobbing on his shoulder. Could he tell her that she had been mistaken in thinking that he loved her, that a brotherly kindness was all he had ever felt for her? "It is a mistake," he repeated, hoarsely. "I have been absorbed, ambitious, Mary Jane; but I love you—just as much as I ever did."

"Oh, is it really true, Sam? I thought that you—that she—"

"Don't talk about her—she is nothing to you or me," he said, almost roughly. "I must go to see about your father." He put her aside and hurried away.

"Going to marry one of the table girls? Well, if that's the fellow he is, I'm glad he hasn't accepted my offer yet. I don't care much about his social or family relations, but if he will do that he isn't the man I took him for, and I shall wash my hands of him forthwith." Which operation Mr. Sidney Collamore hastened to perform, as Pulsifer came up the steps of the veranda, where he stood. Mrs. Armington was there, and she deliberately turned her back upon her whilom *protégé*. Seraph was there also, looking very pale (Mrs. Armington had explained to her friend with the suspicions that the deep red roses fastened at her throat gave her that appearance). There was an appealing look in her eyes as she looked at the clerk, which changed to a little flash of scorn as he refused to meet them.

"Yes, it is true," she heard him say, in answer to her uncle, who had said something about "hinderances" and "hampering himself." "And I should be obliged to decline your offer in any case, as my father-in-law's condition will oblige me to remain here."

"His father-in-law! He up 'n' said it jest like that, 'n' it was true," said Cap'n Hackett, of the Harbor House, who told the story to one of his guests. "For he'd taken Mary Jane to the minister's that very day, 'n' he'd hired Jim Craft's cottage, 'n' got the old man moved there, 'n' settled down to house-keepin'. You can see the house now, jest acrost the harbor; but he's builded on to it, 'n' fixed it up so's't you wouldn't scurcely know it for the same house. Oh yes, he lives here yet; he wouldn't leave the old man anyhow, and there'd be no such thing as takin' him. He 'ain't turned out, Sarmwell 'ain't, as great things as folks expected from his tarlents. He's got a law office over to 'Scutney, 'n' he gets what practice there is, 'n' we've sent him to the Legislater, 'n' for a valer'ble man in the communerty he's wuth any six. But, land! to think of Hackett's Harbor holdin' Sarmwell! Seems as if I couldn't be reconciled at first to his havin' Mary Jane Moody for a wife; but I declare I believe he sets by her as much as men commonly does by their wives, 'n' I ain't sure but more. You see she worships him, 'n' the narteral man takes kindly to worshippin'. 'N' they've had children 'n' lost 'em, 'n' that kinder draws folks nigher together. 'N' the chief end 'n' aim of Sarmwell's life seems to be to take care of the old man, 'n' that's Mary Jane's—next to worshippin' Sarmwell—so that's a bond of sympathy between 'em. The old man is about helpless, 'n' he don't know any more'n to be happy 'n' good-natered, like an animal that's well cared for. He's forgot everything about his comin' home, 'n' he thinks Sarmwell 'n' Mary Jane was married long before that.

"You can't say that Sarmwell looks or seems like a man that's made a failure, but I don't know. They say a man's opportunity comes to him jest once in his lifetime, 'n' whether Sarmwell's come when that great lawyer offered him a chance long of him 'n' his niece, that was a great beauty 'n' an heiress, was in love with him (I've seen human nater; there's a sight of it comes to Hackett's Harbor summers; 'n' I know she was in love with him), or whether his opportunity was jest old 'Lias Moody 'n' Mary Jane—well, it ain't for poor short-sighted human creturs to say. Sarmwell he took his choice." SOPHIE SWETT.

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

FOLLOWING close upon the death of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS comes that of another of Boston's eminent men, whose reputation is hardly less extensive, though formed in somewhat different walks in life. Although successively a farmer, a country merchant, and for many years senior member of the firm of PARKER, WILDER, & Co., Mr. WILDER was best known by his enthusiastic researches in agriculture and horticulture. He founded the American Pomological Society, and was the President of it, as well as of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in addition to which he was foremost in the organization of the State Board of Agriculture and the State Agricultural College. For twenty years Mr. WILDER was President of the Norfolk Horticultural Society. Although averse to a public life, he was for two years a State Senator, and previously served for one term in the lower branch of the Legislature. His life of 88 years was a busy one, and at his death he was President of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, the Massachusetts Agricultural Club, and the American Pomological Society. He was senior Director in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, senior Trustee of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, senior member of the State Board of Agriculture, and of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. In addition to being director in several financial institutions, he was an honorary member of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain, and held a like position in a number of other foreign organizations.

NEW ORLEANS SUPERSTITIONS.

I.

THE question "What is Voudooism?" could scarcely be answered to-day by any resident of New Orleans unfamiliar with the life of the African west coast, or the superstitions of Hayti, either through study or personal observation. The old generation of planters in whose day Voudooism had a recognized existence—so dangerous as a motive power for black insurrection that severe measures were adopted against it—has passed away; and the only person I ever met who had, as a child in his colored nurse's care, the rare experience of witnessing a Voudoo ceremonial, died some three years ago, at the advanced age of seventy-six. As a religion—an imported faith—Voudooism in Louisiana is really dead; the rites of its serpent worship are forgotten; the meaning of its strange and frenzied chants, whereof some fragments linger as refrains in negro song, is not now known even to those who remember the words; and the story of its former existence is only revealed to the folk-lorists by the multitudinous débris of African superstition which it has left behind it. These only I propose to consider now; for what is to-day called Voudooism in New Orleans means, not an African cultus, but a curious class of negro practices, some possibly derived from it, and others which bear resemblance to the magic of the Middle Ages. What could be more mediæval, for instance, than moulding a waxen heart, and sticking pins in it, or melting it slowly before a fire, while charms are being repeated with the hope that as the waxen heart melts or breaks, the life of some enemy will depart? What, again, could remind us more of thirteenth-century superstition than the burning of a certain number of tapers to compel some absent person's return, with the idea that before the last taper is consumed a mysterious mesmerism will force the wanderer to cross rivers and mountains if necessary on his or her way back?

The fear of what are styled "Voudoo charms" is much more widely spread in Louisiana than any one who had conversed only with educated residents might suppose; and the most familiar superstition of this class is the belief in what I might call *pillow magic*, which is the supposed art of causing wasting sicknesses or even death by putting certain objects into the pillow of the bed in which the hated person sleeps. Feather pillows are supposed to be particularly well adapted to this kind of witchcraft. It is believed that by secret spells a "Voudoo" can cause some monstrous kind of bird or nondescript animal to shape itself into being out of the pillow feathers—like the *tupilek* of the Esquimau *iliseenek* (witchcraft). It grows very slowly, and by night only; but when completely formed, the person who has been using the pillow dies. Another practice of pillow witchcraft consists in tearing a living bird asunder—usually a cock—and putting portions of the wings into the pillow. A third form of the black-art is confined to putting certain charms or fetiches—consisting of bones, hair, feathers, rags, strings, or some fantastic combination of these and other trifling objects—into any sort of a pillow used by the party whom it is desired to injure. The pure Africanism of this practice needs no comment. Any exact idea concerning the use of each particular kind of charm I have not been able to discover; and I doubt whether those who practise such fetichism know the original African beliefs connected with it. Some say that putting grains of corn into a child's pillow "prevents it from growing any more"; others declare that a bit of cloth in a grown person's pillow will cause wasting sickness; but different parties questioned by me gave each a different signification to the use of similar charms. Putting an open pair of scissors under the pillow before going to bed is supposed to insure a pleasant sleep in spite of fetiches; but the surest way to provide against being "hoodooed," as American residents call it, is to open one's pillow from time to time. If any charms are found, they must be first sprinkled with salt, then burned. A Spanish resident told me that her eldest daughter had been unable to sleep for weeks, owing to a fetich that had been put into her pillow by a spiteful colored domestic. After the object had been duly exorcised and burned, all the young lady's restlessness departed. A friend of mine living in one of the country parishes once found a tow string in his pillow, into the fibres of which a great number of feather stems had either been introduced or had introduced themselves. He wished to retain it as a curiosity, but no sooner did he exhibit it to some acquaintances than it was denounced as a Voudoo "trick," and my friend was actually compelled to burn it in the presence of witnesses. Everybody knows or ought to know that feathers in pillows have a natural tendency to cling and form clots or lumps of more or less curious form, but the discovery of these in some New Orleans households is enough to create a panic. They are viewed as incipient Voudoo *tupileks*. The sign of the cross is made over them by Catholics, and they are promptly committed to the flames.

Pillow magic alone, however, is far from being the only recognized form of maleficent negro witchcraft. Placing charms before the entrance of a house or room, or throwing them over a wall into a yard, is believed to be a deadly practice. When a charm is laid before a room door or hall door, oil is often poured on the floor or pavement in front of the threshold. It is supposed that whoever *crosses an oil line* falls into the power of the Voudoos. To break the oil charm, sand or salt should be strewn upon it. Only a few days before writing this article a very intelligent Spaniard told me that shortly after having discharged a dishonest colored servant he found before his bedroom door one evening a pool of oil with a charm lying in the middle of it, and a candle burning near it. The charm contained some bones, feathers, hairs, and rags—all wrapped together with a string—and a dime. No superstitious person would have dared to use that dime; but my friend, not being superstitious, forthwith put it into his pocket.

The presence of that coin I can only attempt to explain by calling attention to another very interesting superstition connected with New Orleans fetichism. The negroes believe that in order to make an evil charm operate it is necessary *to sacrifice something*. Wine and cake are left occasionally in dark rooms, or candies are scattered over the sidewalk, by those who want to make their fetich hurt somebody. If food or sweetmeats are thus thrown away, they must be abandoned without a parting glance; the witch or wizard must not look back while engaged in the sacrifice.

Scattering dirt before a door, or making certain figures on the wall of a house with chalk, or crumbling dry leaves with the fingers and scattering the fragments before a residence, are also forms of maleficent conjuring which sometimes cause serious annoyance. Happily the conjurers are almost as afraid of the counter-charms as the most superstitious persons are of the conjuring. An incident which occurred recently in one of the streets of the old quarter known as "Spanish Town" afforded me ocular proof of the fact. Through malice or thoughtlessness, or possibly in obedience to secret orders, a young negro girl had been tearing up some leaves and scattering them on the sidewalk in front of a cottage occupied by a French family. Just as she had dropped the last leaf the irate French woman rushed out with a broom and a handful of salt, and began to sweep away the leaves, after having flung salt both upon them and upon the little negress. The latter actually screamed with fright, and cried out, "Oh, pas jeté plis disel après moin, madame! pas bisoin jeté disel après moin; mo pas pé vini icite encore" (Oh, madam, don't throw any more salt after me; you needn't throw any more salt after me; I won't come here any more).

Another strange belief connected with these practices was well illustrated by a gift made to my friend Professor William Henry by a negro servant for whom he had done some trifling favor. The gift consisted of a "frizzly hen"—one of those funny little fowls whose feathers all seem to curl. "Mars'r Henry, you keep dat frizzly hen, an' ef eny niggers frow eny *conjure* in your yard, *dat frizzly hen will eat de conjure*." Some say, however, that one is not safe unless he keeps two frizzly hens.

The naughty little negress at whom the salt was thrown seemed to fear the salt more than the broom pointed at her. But she was not yet fully educated, I suspect, in regard to superstitions. The negro's terror of a broom is of very ancient date—it may have an African origin. It was commented upon by Moreau de Saint-Méry in his work on San Domingo, published in 1796. "What especially irritates the negro," he wrote, "is to have a broom passed over any part of his body. He asks at once whether the person imagined that he was dead, and remains convinced that the act shortens his life." Very similar ideas concerning the broom linger in New Orleans. To point either end of a broom at a person is deemed bad luck; and many an ignorant man would instantly knock down or violently abuse the party who should point a broom at him. Moreover, the broom is supposed to have mysterious power as a means of getting rid of people. "If you are pestered by visitors whom you would wish never to see again, sprinkle salt on the floor after they go, and sweep it out by the same door through which they have gone, and they will never come back." To use a broom in the evening is bad luck: *balayer le soir, on balaye sa fortune* (to sweep in the evening is to sweep your good luck away), remains a well-quoted proverb.

I do not know of a more mysterious disease than muscular atrophy in certain forms, yet it is by no means uncommon either in New Orleans or in the other leading cities of the United States. But in New Orleans, among the colored people, and among many of the uneducated of other races, the victim of muscular atrophy is believed to be the victim of Voudooism. A notion is prevalent that negro witches possess knowledge of a secret poison which may terminate life instantly or cause a slow "withering away," according as the dose is administered. A Frenchman under treatment for paralysis informed me that his misfortune was certainly the work of Voudoos, and that his wife and child had died through the secret agency of negro wizards. Mental aberration is also said to be caused by the administration of poisons whereof some few negroes are alleged to possess the secret. In short, some very superstitious persons of both races live in perpetual dread of imaginary Voudoos, and fancy that the least ailment from which they suffer is the work of sorcery. It is very doubtful whether any knowledge of those animal or vegetable poisons which leave no trace of their presence in the blood, and which may have been known to some slaves of African birth, still lingers in Louisiana, wide-spread as is the belief to the contrary. During the last decade there have been a few convictions of blacks for the crime of poisoning, but there was nothing at all mysterious or peculiar about these cases, and the toxic agent was invariably the most vulgar of all—arsenic, or some arsenious preparation in the shape of rat poison.

II.

The story of the frizzly hen brings me to the subject of superstitions regarding animals. Something of the African, or at least of the San Domingan, worship of the cock seems to have been transplanted hither by the blacks, and to linger in New Orleans under various metamorphoses. A negro charm to retain the affections of a lover consists in tying up the legs of the bird to the head, and plunging the creature alive into a vessel of gin or other spirits. Tearing the live bird asunder is another cruel charm, by which some negroes believe that a sweetheart may become magically fettered to the man who performs the quartering. Here, as in other parts of the world, the crowing hen is killed, the hooting of the owl presages death or bad luck, and the crowing of the cock by day presages the arrival of company. The wren (*roitelet*) must not be killed: *c'est zozeau bon Dié* (it is the good God's bird)—a belief, I think, of European origin.

It is dangerous to throw hair-combings away instead of burning them, because birds may weave them into their nests, and while the nest remains the person to whom the hair belonged will have a continual headache. It is bad luck to move a cat from one house to another; seven years' bad luck to kill a cat; and the girl who steps, accidentally or otherwise, on a cat's tail need not expect to be married the same year. The apparition of a white butterfly means good news. The neighing of a horse before one's door is bad luck. When a fly bothers one very persistently, one may expect to meet an acquaintance who has been absent many years.

There are many superstitions about marriage, which seem to have a European origin, but are not less interesting on that account. "Twice a bridemaid, never a bride," is a proverb which needs no comment. The bride must not keep the pins which fastened her wedding dress. The husband must never take off his wedding ring: to take it off will insure him bad luck of some kind. If a girl who is engaged accidentally lets a knife fall, it is a sign that her lover is coming. Fair or foul weather upon her marriage day augurs a happy or unhappy married life.

The superstitions connected with death may be all imported, but I have never been able to find a foreign origin for some of them. It is bad luck to whistle or hum the air that a band plays at a funeral. If a funeral stops before your house, it means that the dead wants company. It is bad luck to cross a funeral procession, or to count the number of carriages in it; if you do count them, you may expect to die after the expiration of as many weeks as there were carriages at the funeral. If at the cemetery there be any unusual delay in burying the dead, caused by any unlooked-for circumstances, such as the tomb proving too small to admit the coffin, it is a sign that the deceased is selecting a companion from among those present, and one of the mourners must soon die. It is bad luck to carry a spade through a house. A bed should never be placed with its foot pointing toward the street door, for corpses leave the house feet foremost. It is bad luck to travel with a priest; this idea seems to me of Spanish importation; and I am inclined to attribute a similar origin to the strange tropical superstition about the banana, which I obtained, nevertheless, from an Italian. You must not *cut* a banana, but simply break it with the fingers, because in cutting it you *cut the cross*. It does not require a very powerful imagination to discern in a severed section of the fruit the ghostly suggestion of a crucifixion.

Some other creole superstitions are equally characterized by naïve beauty. Never put out with your finger the little red spark that tries to linger on the wick of a blown-out candle: just so long as it burns, some soul in purgatory enjoys rest from torment. Shooting-stars are souls escaping from purgatory: if you can make a good wish three times before the star disappears, the wish will be granted. When there is sunshine and rain together, a colored nurse will tell the children, "*Gadé! djabe apé batte so femme!*" (Look! the devil's beating his wife!)

I will conclude this little paper with selections from a list of superstitions which I find widely spread, not citing them as of indubitable creole origin, but simply calling attention to their prevalence in New Orleans, and leaving the comparative study of them to folk-lorists.

Turning the foot suddenly in walking means bad or good luck. If the right foot turns, it is bad luck; if the left, good. This superstition seems African, according to a statement made by Moreau de Saint-Méry. Some reverse the conditions, making the turning of the left foot bad luck. It is also bad luck to walk about the house with one shoe on and one shoe off, or, as a creole acquaintance explained it to me, "*c'est appeler sa mère ou son père dans le tombeau*" (It is calling one's mother or one's father into the grave). An itching in the right palm means coming gain; in the left, coming loss.

Never leave a house by a different door from that by which you entered it; it is "carrying away the good luck of the place." Never live in a house you build before it has been rented for at least a year. When an aged person repairs his or her house, he or she is soon to die. Never pass a child through a window; it stops his growth. Stepping over a child does the same; therefore, whoever takes such a step inadvertently must step back again to break the evil spell. Never tilt a rocking-chair when it is empty. Never tell a bad dream before breakfast, unless you want it "to come true"; and never pare the nails on Monday morning before taking a cup of coffee. A funny superstition about windows is given me in this note by a friend: "*Il ne faut pas faire passer un enfant par la fenêtre, car avant un an il y en aura un autre*" (A child must not be passed through a window, for if so passed you will have another child before the lapse of a year.) This proverb, of course, interests only those who desire small families, and as a general rule creoles are proud of large families, and show extraordinary affection toward their children.

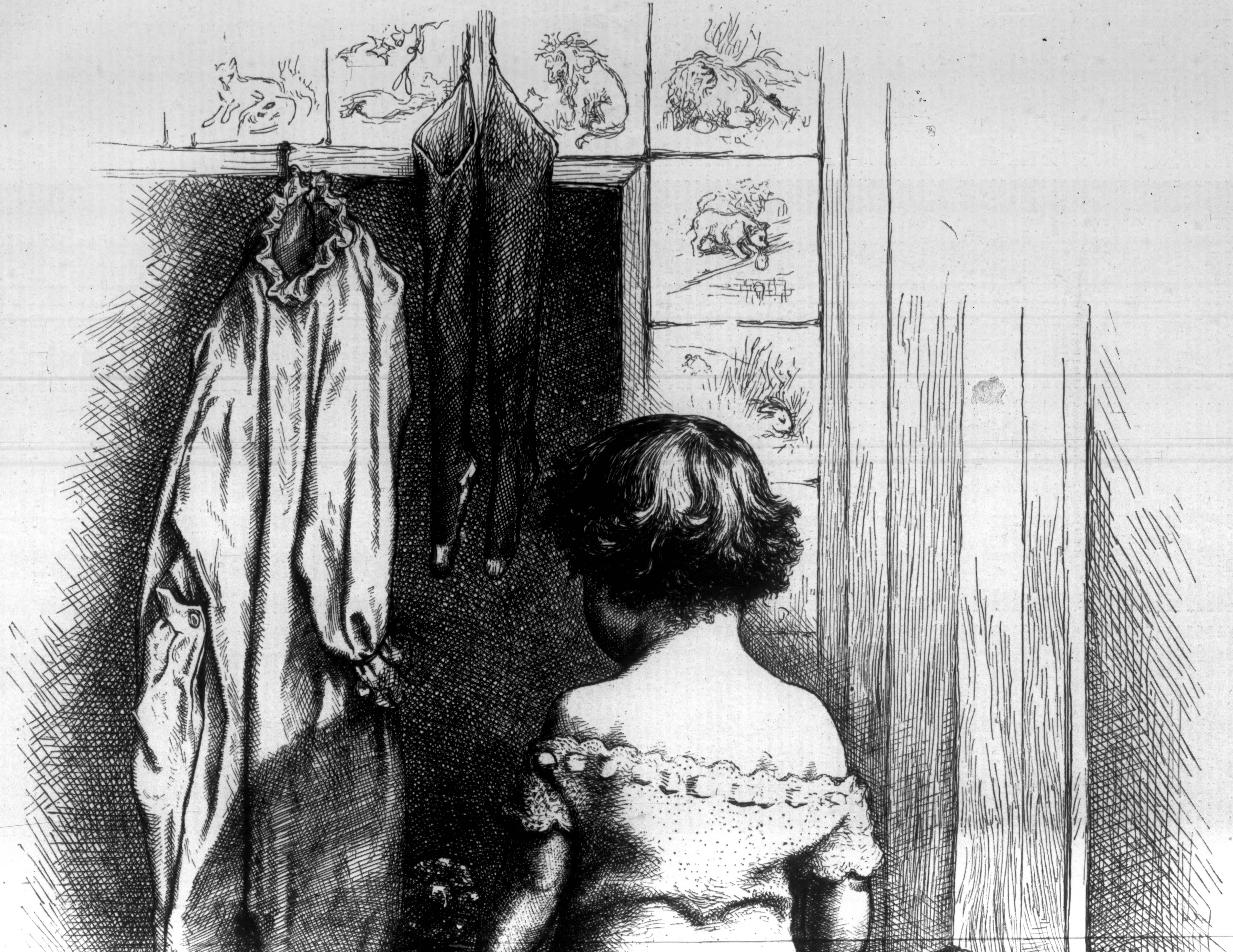
If two marriages are celebrated simultaneously, one of the husbands will die. Marry at the time of the moon's waning and your good luck will wane also. If two persons think and express the same thought at the same time, one of them will die before the year passes. To chop up food in a pot with a knife means a dispute in the house. If you have a ringing in your ears, some person is speaking badly of you; call out the names of all whom you suspect, and when the ringing stops at the utterance of a certain name, you know who the party is. If two young girls are combing the hair of a third at the same time, it may be taken for granted that the youngest of the three will soon die. If you want to make it stop raining, plant a cross in the middle of the yard and sprinkle it with salt. The red-fish has the print of St. Peter's fingers on its tail. If water won't boil in the kettle, there may be a toad or a toad's egg in it. Never kill a spider in the afternoon or evening, but always kill the spider unlucky enough to show himself early in the morning, for the old French proverb says:

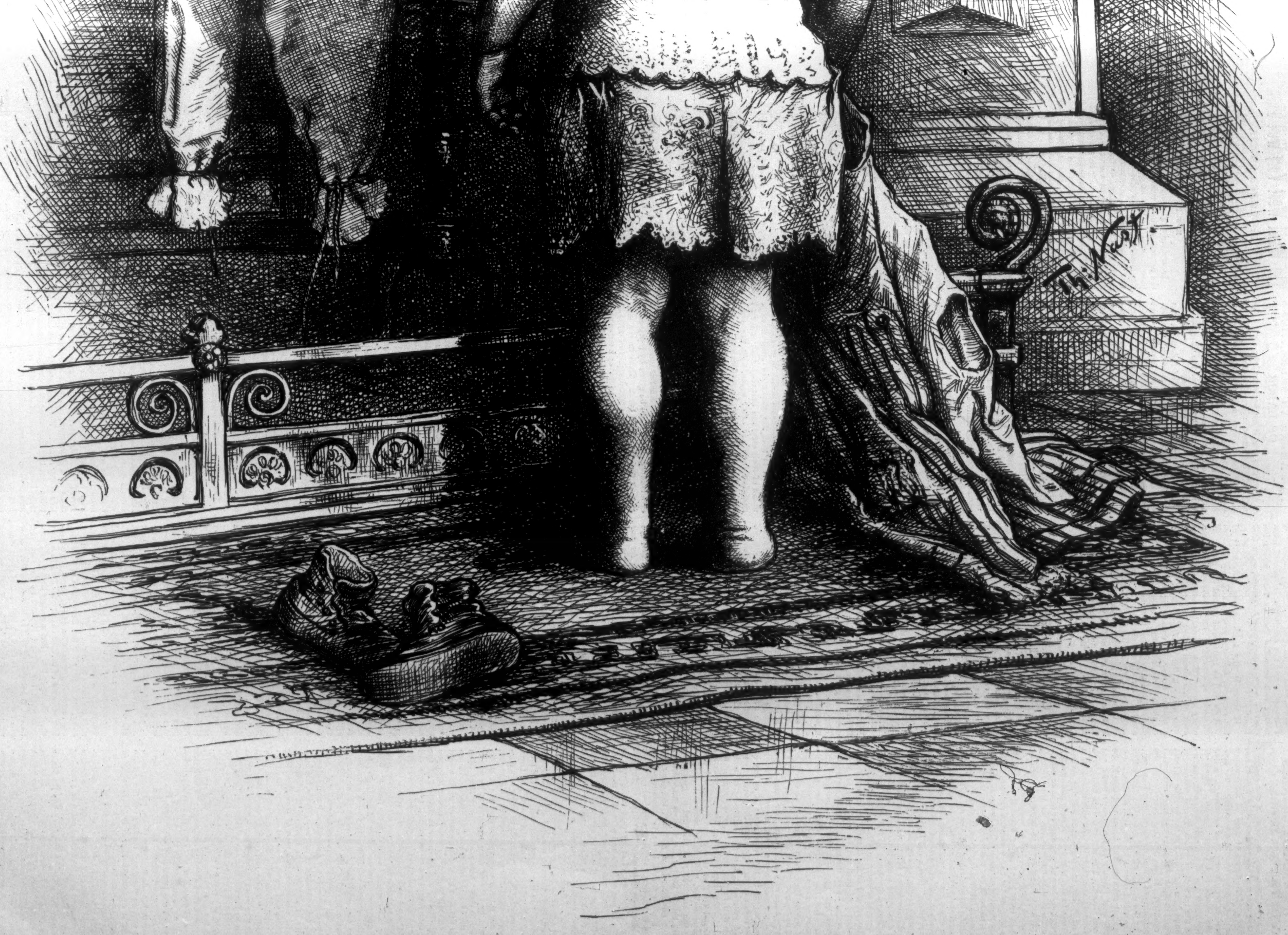
> "Araignée du matin—chagrin;
> Araignée du midi—plaisir;
> Araignée du soir—espoir"

(A spider seen in the morning is a sign of grief; a spider seen at noon, of joy; a spider seen in the evening, of hope).

Even from this very brief sketch of New Orleans superstitions the reader may perceive that the subject is peculiar enough to merit the attention of experienced folk-lorists. It might be divided by a competent classifier under three heads: I. Negro superstitions confined to the black and colored population; II. Negro superstitions which have proved contagious, and have spread among the uneducated classes of whites; III. Superstitions of Latin origin imported from France, Spain, and Italy. I have not touched much upon superstitions inherited from English, Irish, or Scotch sources, inasmuch as they have nothing especially local in their character here. It must be remembered that the refined classes have no share in these beliefs, and that, with a few really rational exceptions, the practices of creole medicine are ignored by educated persons. The study of creole superstitions has only an ethnological value, and that of creole medicine only a botanical one, in so far as it is related to empiricism.

All this represents an under side of New Orleans life; and if anything of it manages to push up to the surface, the curious growth makes itself visible only by some really pretty blossoms of feminine superstition in regard to weddings or betrothal rings, or by some dainty sprigs of child-lore, cultivated by those colored nurses who tell us that the little chickens throw up their heads while they drink to thank the good God for giving them water. LAFCADIO HEARN.





"SANTA CLAUS CAN'T SAY THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN ANYTHING."

ON THE ANCIENT CLASSICS AND THE A.B. DEGREE.

There is a tendency in some of our colleges and among many of our modern educators to rob the degree of Bachelor of Arts of its primary and peculiar significance by conferring it for special excellence in branches of knowledge remote from the Greek and Latin classics. Many of these branches are of a purely scientific character, for the pursuit of which special courses of study have been instituted in the schools of technology and in most of the colleges and universities of the country. It has been customary from the very beginning of things, as one might almost say, to confer the degree of A.B. after the completion of a prescribed course in English, mathematics, the physical sciences, and Latin and Greek, the distinguishing feature of the course being the Latin and Greek. The last two were thought to be absolutely necessary to the attainment of a liberal education, and the degree was distinctively a witness to and a symbol of such attainment.

Of late the ideas of men appear to have undergone considerable modification in this regard, many persons being even in favor of omitting the classics altogether, and of substituting other studies in their place. Nor would it be difficult to give reasons for this change of opinion. The immense number of modern literatures all clamoring for a place in our system of education, the unprecedented interest lately awakened in the line of scientific investigation, and the unlimited fields for mental and physical activity now open to specialists, are a few of the causes that tend to disturb men's minds and attract them from the old order of things. Greek and Latin, it is said, were well enough at the time of the revival of learning in the Middle Ages; but now we have something better, something more practical. Let the mental faculties of the young be trained by the study of the natural sciences to which mathematics are the gateway, and as for literary or linguistic culture, enough of that can be had, and in a far more practical way, through a careful perusal of the poets and prose writers of Germany and France. Let us therefore drop the ancients from most of our college courses, retaining them merely where they seem desirable as electives, and let us bestow the old degree of A.B. upon all graduates alike who have spent four years at college and accomplished a given amount of work. Such reasoning is not unnatural; it is the inevitable result of striving after the purely material and practical; it is characteristic of many sensible and fair-minded men, who honestly believe that French and German are as potent for educational ends as Greek and Latin, and that the mathematics, with their practical application to the concerns of a material progress, are the only things worthy the serious attention of thinking minds. In a measure, too, they are right. Foolish would it be to attempt—even did the disposition to do so exist—to detract from the claims to importance of any of the subjects and branches of study that make up the curricula of our colleges and schools of technology. These subjects all have their rightful and necessary place in our college systems, and in general in the degree in which a college or university affords opportunity for the pursuit of a wider knowledge of such matters, in that degree does it come nearer to its legitimate end and purpose.

Where, then, lies the error, if error there be? Undoubtedly in the assumption that for the purposes of a liberal education the Greek and Latin tongues may be fairly set aside in favor of a supposed equivalent in science and modern languages, and in the further assumption that the A.B. degree may, in view of such equivalent, be wisely extended to those who graduate in courses from which the classics are wholly excluded. In answer to the first of these assumptions, it would not be difficult to give the name of more than one eminent scholar and educator in support of the theory that for purposes of mental training and culture no better medium has yet been found than the languages and literatures of ancient Greece and Rome, and that all attempts to find an equivalent for these studies have thus far failed. Witness the testimony of the rector of the University of Berlin—"that all efforts to find a substitute for the classical languages, whether in mathematics, the modern tongues, or in the natural sciences, have been hitherto unsuccessful." And it may be observed that America at least is always ready to acknowledge, if not to overrate, the high authority of Germany in matters of education. In our own country, two men of eminence, long experience, and great breadth of view, have declared themselves with no uncertain voice to a like effect. "There is nothing," says President McCosh, "in what is called our modern education to make up for the loss of the classics;" and Professor Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University, in his essay on "Classics and Colleges," written for the Princeton *Review* of July, 1878, makes use of the following language: "Inevitable as part and parcel of our own civilization, indispensable as exemplars in those lines of achievement which are peculiarly their own, the ancient classics furnish us, besides all this, with the best gymnasium for the exercise of the mental faculties, as well as the finest theatre for the culture of æsthetic appreciation. . . . The phraseology of our language was fixed by scholars, and in its highest ranges can only be extended by scholars, and if the control exercised by classical scholarship should be forever removed, our noble tongue would become a jangle of false notes or a rattling vulgarity of slang."

This may be strong language; but Professor Gildersleeve's words need no apology. It is this liberal culture, this classical training, for which the degree of Bachelor of Arts has from time immemorial been given, and which that degree has always been generally acknowledged to represent. No better proof of this exists than the fact that it was deemed necessary to create other degrees, such as Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Philosophy, and the like, when schools of technology and scientific courses from which the classics were appropriately omitted, were first founded.

If there is any truth in the statements of the eminent scholars just quoted, our colleges will do well to foster and uphold the claims of classical scholarship; they will shrink from every policy that tends to belittle it in the eyes of our youth; they will distinguish those who make it the chief pursuit of their undergraduate career by conferring on them, and on them alone, the only degree which can bear distinct and unequivocal testimony to that scholarship; they will refrain from the injustice to all concerned of graduating in the list of Bachelors of Arts young men whose collegiate attainments, however great and useful, yet fail to include a fair acquaintance with the great masterpieces of antiquity. **Sidney G. Ashmore,**

Prof. Lat. Lang. and Lit., Union College.

CHRISTMAS BELLS AND CHARITIES.

At the sound of the merry Christmas bells a dream of peace seems to steal upon city and country as soft as Ben Adhem's. The evil spirits fly from the cheerful clamor, and benevolence and hope come down to encircle the grateful land. The music of bells touched the fanciful genius of Poe, and he sang of them in words that rival their various sounds. But there was much truth in the mediæval faith that the Christmas chimes are the most potent and the most suggestive of all. At Christmas, the poet of all ages tells us,

> "This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
> The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Milton sang of the rabble rout of demons that fled at the Nativity in wild dismay, and the mediæval legend is still full of truth even to us. The Christmas chimes banish selfishness, and for a moment at least we think of the wants of others. The demons are chained; the fierce rage of competition ceases; good-will and charity rule over the hearts of men.

It is the aim of modern thought to make this impulse a perpetual one. We should be glad to have every day a Christmas—full of the benefactions of those who have something to give to those who are less fortunate. New York abounds in those permanent institutions of charity that never cease to lend aid to the helpless. No city is more charitable. We have excellent societies for the care of children, for the old, the sick, the stranger, and the prisoner. "The cup of cold water" is enriched by unequalled bounties. It would be impossible to compute how many millions of money are given away annually in New York for the aid of those who are destitute. Yet still the Christmas chimes seem to call each year for new deeds of benevolence; the sad prospect widens incessantly; the recent revelations of the condition of many of the industrial poor make fresh demands upon the sympathy of the unselfish; a complete reform is required in many of the walks of trade; and immediate action alone can save those who suffer from the harsh extortions of unjust employers, from dreadful oppressions, and unmerited woes.

The Christmas bells are full, too, of historical suggestions. The bell itself has become a symbol of modern faith. Yet we may remember that there was a time when they were almost unknown, when no bell-towers arose to summon the faithful, and when the modest Christians gathered silently in each other's houses. With the Romans the bell was sometimes hung at the doorway, and sometimes tinkled afar on the necks of browsing cattle. The *tintinnabula* of the days of Cæsar were small and poor. It is impossible to say when they were first devoted to Christian worship; but in the Middle Ages bells grew in size, and were looked upon with superstitious awe. They were blessed by the priest and consecrated to religious rites. Tall steeples were built, and *campanili*, or bell towers, that give to the modern city much of its peculiar charm. At Venice is the *campanile*, or clock tower of St. Mark's, whose gilded dial was raised in 1494, as if to illustrate the discovery of a new world. At Florence is the most graceful of the *campanili*. But the most remarkable of all these towers is that of Cremona. It was a Guelphic labor, begun in 1283. It is three hundred and ninety-six feet high, with a huge clock and a chime of bells. In Russia are the largest bells, and they are held almost divine. In New York and London the Christmas bells ring out from Trinity or St. Paul's, and the tall spires and steeples of the modern city still recall the fancies and visions of the Middle Ages.

In the melody of the Christmas bells we always seem to hear the cheerful voices of children. It is the song of the Nativity. It is the joy of young life bursting into new being; and hence at Christmas we think chiefly of the care of the young and of the sorrow and the pains that poverty brings to them. The sad tales that come to us every day of the sufferings of families in bleak and crowded garrets, the beggar children that fill our streets, the vicious and degraded children that are brought before our courts and crowd our reformatories, tell of a part of our people to whom Christmas brings no cheer. It is for these that we have to labor. The Children's Aid Society, the Society for the Protection of Children, the various reformatories and asylums, the countless streams of private charity, all tend to soften their unhappy lot. But a society that would provide work for all, and support to the sick and feeble, is something still to be sought for. How shall we see to it that no one of this great class suffers either for want of work or want of proper aid? This is a question suggested by the Christmas chimes. **Eugene Lawrence.**

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

Whether the labor organizations should be amalgamated into one large body, or should form a federation in which each may retain its autonomy, is one of the subjects that has most seriously engaged the thought of the labor leaders. The tendency of the trades-unions has been toward a federation; and the tendency of the Knights of Labor toward an amalgamation.

Five years ago a loose sort of federation was formed by several trades-unions which maintained its existence, but was never strong enough or definite enough to exert any great influence. Another movement was begun early in the year, by other trades-unions than those which formed this loose federation, to effect a more influential and definite general organization. This resulted in the recent meeting at Columbus, Ohio, of delegates from twenty-seven national and international trades-unions, who effected an organization which supersedes the former federation. The new organization, under the name of "The American Federation of Labor," comprises most of the better-known and better-organized unions, such as the Typographical Union, the Federation of Miners and Mine Laborers, the Cigar-makers' International Union, the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and the Iron-moulders of North America. The twenty-seven labor organizations already thus united claim a membership of about 350,000.

The double purpose is to preserve the autonomy of every trade organization, and at the same time to devise a way where one trade can come to the rescue of another. It is a problem not unlike that which the founders of the Federal government had to solve. The trades-unions, like the States, insist that every one knows best how to manage its own affairs; every one is jealous of any interference by any other one; and yet all recognize the necessity of combined action. The fundamental idea of the Federation is that no trades-union shall abridge the liberty of another. To quote from an explanation of the movement by one of its chief promoters: "The carpenters are better judges of all questions affecting their hours of work or their rate of wages than the cigar-makers or the printers or the miners can possibly be. The first condition of healthful organization, therefore, is that the carpenters shall have a union of their own, and that they shall suffer no dictation from any other union. At the same time there are certain problems which all trades-unions have in common; for the whole labor world must pull together in the general effort to uplift the laborer."

Proceeding on this basis, the American Federation of Labor has been organized so as to give the larger unions which enter it representation in proportion to their membership, but so as to give at the same time the smaller unions a greater advantage than could be given by representation on the per capita basis. Thus in the conventions a union with a membership of 4000 or less is allowed to have one delegate; a union with 8000 members, two delegates; a union with 16,000 members, three delegates, and so on, the number of delegates increasing by one as the membership is doubled.

The Executive Board of the Federation has the power to order all the unions in the Federation to come to the financial rescue of any one of them; but this Board has not the power to order a strike by the members of any union, or to have anything to do with any union's own affairs. It deals with the unions themselves as units. One-half of one cent a month per capita is levied by all the unions to defray the expenses of the Federation. The Executive Board has no fund immediately at its disposal besides this, and this is for meeting the expenses of its officers and of the publication of an official journal. But in case of a strike by one union, it has the power, if it approve the strike, to command the treasuries of all the unions for succor and defence. "The way to prevent strikes," one leading promoter of this general organization maintains, "is to be able to make every strike successful."

The President and leader of the Executive Board of the American Federation of Labor is **Samuel Gompers**, of New York, who is Second Vice-President of the International Cigar-makers' Union, and President of the Working-men's Assembly of New York. Mr. **Gompers** is an Englishman by birth, and is now in his thirty-seventh year. He worked as a cigar-maker from his fifteenth year until he was called on to give his time to the official conduct of his union. He has been a prominent promoter of the plan of federation, and though himself a Knight of Labor, an opponent of amalgamation. He was twice President of the first Federation, and has long been a prominent officer of his own union.

The members of the trades-unions who stoutly contend for the autonomy of their organizations, but who desire a general union of labor organizations for such purposes as they have in common, regard the formation of this Federation as the most important movement yet made for the strengthening of the labor organizations; and they think that this is the final shape that the labor organizations in America will take. The annual convention will be a sort of Congress, in which they will all have representation, but on a basis that will give the smaller ones power to maintain their autonomy; and during the intervals between these conventions the Executive Board will have functions analogous to the functions of a Supreme Court, with a certain executive power added. The leaders of this movement think that this Executive Board will be conservative, because it will always be composed of members of different unions, and that the effect on the unions themselves will be restraining, because for any union to ask aid and fail to receive it would tend to discredit its management.

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW BESS WENT AWAY.

It was only three weeks after the sentence that the condemned man received a summons to prepare himself for his execution, which was fixed for Monday, February the Twenty-third. This was a shorter space between sentence and execution than was awarded to the unhappy Admiral Byng, who had eight weeks in which to prepare himself for death. However, Jack complained not, and received the announcement in a becoming spirit, and presently sent a letter to my father, who lost no time in visiting him, and continued daily to visit him until the day of execution.

Now here I have to write down a strange thing, and one which is hardly to be credited. From the day of his trial (when, as I have said, the Court was crowded with ladies) to the day before the execution, the ship was visited every day by ladies curious to see and, if possible, to converse with this young and unfortunate officer. But he would not receive any. One day, however (it was after the day had been fixed for carrying out the sentence), there came a lady on board who would take no denial, but wrote down her name upon the back of a playing-card, and peremptorily ordered that it should be taken to the prisoner. She was very finely dressed, and they took her for a great lady, and obeyed her, taking the card to the Captain's cabin. She was so quick, however, that she followed the messenger, and so forced her way in.

"My handsome Jack!" she cried, but stopped short, because she found another woman with him.

"Madam," said Jack, rising, "this is an unexpected honor."

"I came, Captain," she said, "because we are old friends, and because I would fain help thee if I can."

"No one can, Madam."

"And because if I cannot, thou mayst still help me."

"You may command me, Madam."

"Nay," she said, looking still at Bess, "why so formal, Jack? 'Tis terrible to think that in a few days—"

"Madam, my time is short; pray remember that, and be brief."

"Why, Captain," she laughed, "'twas but a little thing; and perhaps this lady will grant me five minutes alone—"

"It needs not," said Jack; "you can speak openly before her."

"In that case it will be needless. Yet I will try. Captain, thou art condemned to die. 'Tis sad, indeed. Yet 'tis true. Now consider my case. I am deeply in debt. I have quarrelled with my Lord. Marry me, and so take my debts off my back. Nay, Madam"—for Bess sprang to her feet, "be pacified. 'Tis but an empty form that I ask. He shall marry me, and I will retire with the clergyman, and so he will free me at a stroke of all my debts."

"Madam," said Jack, before Bess could find time to speak, "you are unfortunately too late. It is impossible that I could gratify you in this request, because I am married already. This lady is my wife—my most unfortunate wife."

"Oh, Madam!" said the actress, with a deep courtesy, "I beg humbly to be forgiven! Believe me, I did not know. Well, Captain," she heaved a sigh, "of all the men I have ever known thou hast gone nearest to make me think I have a heart. My poor Jack!" She seized his hand and kissed it. "Oh, Madam," she turned to Bess, "I thought not of this. I thought I should find him over a bowl of punch, drinking away his care. Alas! I remember you now. You loved him, and. . . . I remember you. . . . Poor child! Who shall comfort thee?"

So she stole away, weeping, and left them alone.

It was, indeed, true. The first service which Jack had asked of my father was to marry him to Bess Westmoreland. It was done secretly in the cabin, with no other witnesses than myself and the First Lieutenant, Mr. Colin Macdonald. So Bess got her heart's desire, and the old witch's prophecy proved true—that in the midst of troubles she should marry the man she loved. But what a marriage! After this my father, as I have said, visited him daily, and every morning asked the prayers of the congregation for one about to die.

The sentence was to be carried out on the Monday morning. On Sunday, with a heart as heavy as lead, I prepared to say farewell.

I went on board about ten o'clock, at the time of morning prayers. Bess was already in the cabin, seated at the window, which was open, though the morning was cold, her face pressed against the bars. Jack was at the table writing a letter for the Admiral.

"It is nearly finished, dear lad," he said, looking up with a smile. "Courage! To die would be nothing—but for leaving Bess. Be kind to her, Luke; be kind to her."

I looked to see her burst into tears. But no—she listened without a tear or even a sob. "This night, after I have parted with her, will be long, I fear. Your father hath comforted me greatly in the matter of religion, wherefore I have now a sure and certain hope, if I may humbly say so, though hitherto I have thought little of these matters. It is a blessed thing for thoughtless sailors that we have a Church to rule our faith, and forms of prayer to save our souls. He will come to-morrow, for the last prayers, before seven. At eight, the boats of the ships in port will surround the ship, the death-signal will be displayed, a gun will be fired, the crew will be drawn up on the deck, and the prisoner will be brought out." Bess listened without changing her countenance. Was she, then, turned into stone by sorrow, like Niobe?

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

I cannot write down the words with which he bade me farewell, nor my own. Suffice it that we took leave of each other with, on my side, all that a bleeding heart could find to say, and on his, with a message which I made haste to deliver to the Admiral, his patron and benefactor.

Then I left him alone with Bess.

It was arranged that they should part upon the hour when she must leave the ship and go ashore. He was peremptory that she must not try to see him in the morning, lest the sight of her might unman him. To stand upon the deck with eyes unbandaged, resolute, and firm, was the only duty left for him to perform. Therefore Bess must part with him on Sunday night. She acquiesced, still without a single tear. But when the hour drew near, instead of hanging round his neck and weeping, she took both his hands in hers, and said:

"Jack—dear Jack—my own Jack!—you made me a promise the other day. The time hath come to keep it."

"A promise, dear heart? Why, what can I do for thee now?"

"You would grant any request that I should make. The time hath now come."

"'Tis granted beforehand, dear girl."

"My request, Jack, is that you will live, and not die."

"Bess?"

"That you will live, and not die. Listen! We have arranged everything for this evening. Mr. Brinjes hath managed all for us. See!"—she whispered him very earnestly.

He gazed at her in a sort of stupefaction.

"We shall not stay in the country. A Dutch boat waits us off Barking Creek; the master, a boy, and yourself will sail her across to Holland. If the wind is fair, we shall make a Dutch port in a day; oh! it is all arranged. We shall not stay in Holland, but take ship to the Dutch East Indies, and thence to the South Seas, where we will live—oh! my Jack—far, far away from the world; and I will work for thee. So we shall forget the past and Deptford, and—and—everything, and there will be a new life for us—oh! a new life, whether it be short or long, with no one to remind us of what hath happened. Oh! my poor tortured dear—it is through me—through me—that all this disgrace hath come upon thee; yes—and it shall be through me that thy life shall be saved!"

"Bess, I cannot!. They would say that it was fitting that one who could cowardly strike the flag should also cowardly run away from punishment."

"What matter what they say? Shall we care what they say when we are sailing together among those islands? Will it touch our hearts any more to think of their praise or blame?"

"Bess, I cannot!—oh! my tender heart, I cannot!"

"Then, Jack, thou shalt. Thy promise is passed—a solemn promise before GOD. Wilt thou break that promise too, and go before Heaven, thy last act another broken pledge?"

Well, he fought awhile, and he yielded at length; and then she kissed him and went away; but she held her handkerchief to her eyes, so that those who saw her might not suspect.

At the head of the gangway, which, for the convenience of the court-martial, had been made into an accommodation-ladder, furnished with rails and entering-ropes, stood Aaron Fletcher on guard.

"Thou art satisfied at last, Aaron?" said Bess.

"Not yet, but I shall be to-morrow," he replied, whispering, because a sentry must not talk.

She said no more, but passed down the steps and into the boat.

In the afternoon, being in great distress of heart, I went to visit Mr. Brinjes. He was not sleeping, but was busied over a great number of small packages arranged in order upon the table.

"I have seen the last of him," said I.

"Ay? Is Bess with him?" said he.

"I am troubled about Bess. I think she hath gone distracted; for she weeps no more, and once I saw her laugh. She catches her breath, too, and is impatient."

"For her distraction I will answer. I know a remedy for it, and that remedy she shall have. As for the catching of her breath, that too shall be cured. As for her impatience, I cannot help it, because it was impossible to complete the job before to-day."

I asked him what he meant.

"Hath not Bess told you, then? Why, she was to have told you this morning before she broke the thing to Jack. 'Tis a good girl who can keep a secret. It is not true, mind ye, that no woman can keep a secret. Where their lovers are concerned they can keep fifty thousand basketfuls of secrets, and never spill so much as a single one."

He began to open the packets, and to count their contents. They contained guineas, about fifty in each packet, and there seemed to be no end to them.

"This," he said, "comes of twenty years' honest industry. If a man takes in his shop six half-crowns a day, and spends only one, in twenty years he shall be master, look you, of no less than four thousand pounds."

Heavens! could he really be the owner of so great a property? When he had counted the money he dropped it in three or four leathern bags, which he tied to a belt below his waistcoat. "Now," said he, "if we capsize, I shall go straight to Davy's Locker. Give me the skull-stick, my lad—so." He looked at the horrid thing with admiration. "I thought at first of giving it to Philadelphy, but now I will not, because she has lied to me about the Great Secret, which I find she doth not, after all, possess. So much I suspected. She shall not have the Obeah stick. Besides, Heaven knows whither we are going, or what powers we may want; therefore I shall keep the stick." He wrapped a cloth about the skull, and tied it up so that no one should know what it was. Then he laid it upon the table.

I observed then that everything was ready as if for departure. The shelves were empty; the fire was out; there were ashes of burnt paper in the grate; the famous charts were rolled up and lying on the table beside the skull-stick. What did it mean?

"Why," he said, "since Bess hath not told you, I will not either. But—I think we can trust thee, Luke—surely we can trust thee, if any one. Thou lovest Jack, I know, and Bess too, in thy mild and milky way. Why, a lad of spirit would have carried the girl off years ago, Jack or no Jack. However—that is enough. My lad, we want thy help. There is no other that we can trust. It is life or death . . . life or death . . . life or death. Say that to thyself, and *forget not to be here at nine of the clock this evening.*"

"What is to be done at nine?"

"It is life or death, I say. Life or death! Now go; I have much to do. It is life or death. Two lives or two deaths. Life or death. Therefore, fail not."

At nine o'clock I kept my appointment, wondering what would happen.

Bess was there, wrapped in a cloak and hood; in her hand she carried a small parcel. Mr. Brinjes was waiting, muffled and cloaked, his hat tied over his ears, and a roll—containing, I suppose, his charts and his famous skull-stick—under his arm.

"Come, lad," he said, "thou shalt know soon what it is we have to do."

It was a dark and rainy night; the wind blew in gusts; the streets were deserted, save for some drunken fellow, who rolled along, bawling as he went. Mr. Brinjes led the way toward the river, and we were presently at the Stairs, where the boats lay fastened to the rings by their long painters.

"Take the outside boat of all," said the Apothecary; "her oars are left in her on purpose. So, haul her to the stairs. Step in, Bess. She is but a little dingey, but she will serve. Luke, you have to row. You may shut your eyes, and keep them shut, if you like, for I shall steer."

I began to suspect that something serious was to be attempted, but I obeyed without question or remonstrance.

'Twas then high tide, or a little on the ebb, so that at midnight the ebb would be at its strongest. I untied the painter and shoved off. Then I took my seat and the oars, and rowed while Mr. Brinjes steered.

The river was rough and dark, save for the lights displayed by the ships. The *Calypso* was moored very nearly off the mouth of the dock, but in mid-stream. Mr. Brinjes suffered me to row almost across the river, as if he were making for one of the stairs on the other side. Then he put her head up-stream, and steered so that the boat approached the *Calypso*, whose lights he knew, not as if we were boarding her, but as if we were making our way across her bows to the Dog-and-Duck Stairs of Redriff. The precaution was not necessary, perhaps, seeing how dark it was; but the eyes of sailors are sharper than those of landsmen, and the watch must not allow a boat to approach a ship without a challenge. We crossed the bows, therefore, of the *Calypso*, I still rowing, and the boat apparently heading to the opposite shore.

But while we were still under the shadow, so to speak, of the great ship's bows, my cockswain whispered, "Easy rowing—ship oars."

I could not guess what he intended. 'Twas this.

The *Calypso* lay pretty high out of water. The tide was running strong. Mr. Brinjes turned the boat's head and ran her straight under the side of the ship. He then, being as quick and skilful in the handling of a boat as any man sixty years younger, stepped into the bows, and with hand and boat-hook worked the boat along the side of the vessel to the stern, where he hooked on, and whispered that we must now wait.

"We have more than two hours still to wait. I think the watch will have no suspicion, and 'tis better to wait here an hour or two than to hurry at the end, and so perhaps be seen and the whole plot spoiled. Here we lie snug."

We might be lying snug, but we lay more than commonly cold, and the wind and rain beat into one's face. Bess sat, however, with her hood thrown back, careless of cold or rain; and Mr. Brinjes lay muffled up in the bows. But in his hand he held the boat-hook.

The ships' bells and the town clocks and the Greenwich clocks made such a clashing in our ears, every quarter of an hour, as kept us aware of the time. Never before did I understand how slowly he crawleth. Why, there seemed to me an hour between each quarter, and a whole night between each hour.

When the clocks began to strike midnight Bess looked up, and the old man threw off his cloak. "Oars out," he whispered. "Gently. Don't splash. Here he is!"

We were immediately, though I knew it not, below the windows of Jack's cabin, which was the Captain's state-room. Below his window were those of the First and Second Lieutenants, and Mr. Brinjes had chosen the time of midnight because then the watches would be changing, and these officers would be on deck or else fast asleep. It was as he expected. The end of a rope fell into the water close beside the boat, and then, hand under hand, our prisoner came swiftly down. In a moment he was sitting in the stern. Then Mr. Brinjes let go, and the tide, hurrying down the river as fast as a mill-race, carried us noiselessly and swiftly away.

No one spoke, but Mr. Brinjes again took the ropes, and I began to row. We were very soon, keeping in mid-stream, past Greenwich and past Woolwich, I rowing as hard as I could, and the ebb-tide strong, so that we made very good way indeed.

Presently we came alongside a small vessel lying moored off Barking Creek, and Mr. Brinjes steered the boat alongside, and caught a rope.

"Now, Bess," he said, "quick; climb up."

She caught hold of the cleats, and ran up the rude gangway as nimbly as any sailor. Mr. Brinjes followed.

Then Jack seized my hand. "Farewell, dear lad," he said; "I thought not to see thee again. Farewell."

So he followed, and left me alone in the boat.

"Sheer off, Luke," said Mr. Brinjes, looking over the side, "sheer off, and take her back to the Stairs. Tell no one what hath been done. Farewell. We sail for the Southern Seas."

Then I saw that they were hoisting sail. She was a Dutch galiot, carrying a main and mizzen mast, with a large gaff main-sail. These, with a stay-sail, a flying top-sail, and one or two bowsprit jibs, would, with this wind and tide, take her down to the North Foreland very quickly, after which, if the wind still continued fair, she might expect to make the port of Rotterdam in sixteen or perhaps twenty hours more.

When I had painfully pulled the boat up-stream and gotten her back in her place at the Stairs, and was at last in bed, I began to understand fully what had been done—namely, that a great crime had been committed in the rescue of a prisoner sentenced to death, and that, with my two accomplices, I was liable to be tried and—I fell asleep before I could remember what the punishment would be.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE CONCLUSION.

The next morning my father was astir by six; and I, hearing him, and remembering suddenly what had happened, could sleep no more, but rose quickly, and dressed. He was already in wig and cassock; his clerk in readiness with prayer-book, bible, and the materials wherewith to administer the Supper of the Lord.

"My son," he said, "the ministration to a dying man is the most awful part of a clergyman's holy duties; and yet it is that which should most fill him with gratitude and joy. Terrible it is at all times to watch the soul take its flight into the unknown regions; most terrible of all when death comes violently upon one still young and strong and in the prime of his day."

More he would have said; but here we were interrupted by the arrival of the Admiral himself, borne in an arm-chair by his four negroes, his feet swathed in flannel, and himself wrapped in warm cloaks, for 'twas dangerous for him to leave the warmth of his own room.

"Doctor," he said, when the men had set him down, "you are now about to comfort our boy in his last moments." Here he paused awhile, the tears running down his cheeks. "His last moments, poor lad," he repeated. "I could not lie still and think that he should die without a word from me. Therefore, though I would not turn his thoughts away from religion, I cannot let him die with never a word from his father's oldest friend. 'Twere inhuman. Tell him, therefore, from me, that I now plainly perceive that he was mad. Other men besides himself have gone mad at sea. I know one who went mad and jumped overboard, in a storm; and another who went mad and ran amuck on the quarter-deck with a cutlass, wounding many before he was disarmed; and another—but no matter. He was mad. Tell him that for the act of God there is nothing but resignation. The thing might have happened to any. We are fools to feel any shame in it. As for all that went before and that came after his madness, tell him we are proud of him therefor, and we shall remain proud of him. But, for his own sake, we are grieved that he was not killed in the recapture of the vessel. Bid him, therefore, meet his death with a calm heart—a brave heart, I know, will not fail him. Take him my last blessing, and my undiminished love. There is no question, tell him, of forgiveness. The act of God must not be questioned. But the pity of it—oh! Doctor—the pity of it!" and with that he fell to weeping like a child.

And then the two old men wept together, but I, who knew what had happened, and that there would be no execution that day, had no tears.

They carried back the Admiral and put him to bed again, and I accompanied my father as far as the Stairs. As I returned slowly, my heart full of strange emotions, the bell of St. Paul's began to toll the passing knell. No need to ask for whom that bell was tolling. At the sound the women came to the doors and began to cry, and to talk together, full of pity, the kind-hearted creatures, shrews as they were, and slatterns, and drabs. The old men at the Trinity Hospital were gathered together in their quadrangle talking of the boy they had known and loved. The Barber and his four 'prentices were busy shaving, the shop full, everybody talking at the same time; and in his door-way stood Mr. Westmoreland, looking up and down the street, with troubled face.

"Where is she?" he asked. "Mr. Luke, where is my Bess?"

"Indeed, Mr. Westmoreland," I replied, "where should she be if not in her own bed?"

"She hath not been home all night. I have heard talk of her and Captain Easterbrook. But that poor young man is to be shot this morning. Where can she be? They tell me that she spends the days in his cabin. Sir, you know them both: I faith he hath played her false. Who would have daughters? Yet if she is all day long with him, needs must that she come ashore in the evening, Mr. Luke. Who, Sir, I ask you, would have daughters to plague his old age? I thought she might have stayed at the Apothecary's, and I have knocked, but I can make no one hear. Think you that Mr. Brinjes is dead? He is already of a very great old age. This is a terrible morning. That poor young gentleman must die; he must be cut off in the pride of his life and strength, the comeliest man I have ever seen; and he hath stolen my daughter's heart away. Why, what shall I do with her when he is dead? How shall I endure her despair and her grief; how find consolation to assuage her wrath when he is gone?"

I knew very well how that question would be answered. But I could not tell him what had happened.

"It is his passing-bell," the Penman continued. "Lord have mercy upon his soul! He is young, and hath doubtless committed some of the sins of youth. The Lord forgive him! He hath often used profane language, and that in my hearing. The Lord forgive him! As for his striking his colors, that will not, I am sure, be laid to his charge. Besides, he hath atoned for this sin by his death. The Lord forgive him for an honest and brave lad! 'Twas once a joy to see him handle his logarithms. Will they bury him in St. Paul's church-yard? Poor lad! Poor lad! What shall I say to Bess to comfort her when she comes home?"

Thus he went on prattling; but I left him.

At the door of Mr. Brinjes's shop stood his assistant, knocking.

"Sir," he said, "I am afraid that something hath happened to my master, for I have knocked and cannot make him hear."

I advised him to wait half an hour or so, and then to knock again.

It was impossible to rest. I went again to the Stairs, where the watermen should be hanging about. There was not one man there, nor a single boat. Round the *Calypso* there was a great fleet of ships' boats, and Thames boats, all waiting for the execution. People had come down from London—even, they said, as far as from Chelsea—to see the sight. Why, they could see nothing from the river. True, they might have the satisfaction of hearing the roll of the muskets. There never was so great a concourse on the river, even on the day of Horn Fair.

At eight o'clock—the time of execution—everybody listened to hear the rattling of the guns. But there was silence. Presently, I know not how it began, there sprang up a rumor—only a rumor at first—that the sentence would not be carried out that morning; then it became certain that there would be no execution at all; and it was spread abroad that, at the last moment, the Captain had been respited. About eleven o'clock the boats dispersed and returned again, the people disappointed. It was not until later that it was known—because at first no one, not even my father and his clerk, was permitted to leave the ship—that Captain Easterbrook could not be shot, because he could not be found.

I found the Apothecary's shop open—they had broken [illegible] at the back—and the assistant was mixing medicines and prescribing.

"Sir," he said, "my master is gone. He hath not slept in his bed. He hath taken his money and his charts, but nothing else."

"His money and his charts? How do you know that he hath taken his money?"

"I know where he kept it, and I looked to see if it was gone. Because, I said, if my master's money is still there, he will return. But it is gone; therefore I know that he has gone."

"Whither hath he gone, sirrah?"

"I know not, sir; any more"—here he looked mighty cunning—"than I know whither Captain Easterbrook hath gone, or Bess Westmoreland, or what you were doing with my master and Bess on the Stairs last night at nine o'clock."

Now I have never learned if this man knew more than the fact that we were upon the Stairs at that time. Certainly he could not know the whole truth.

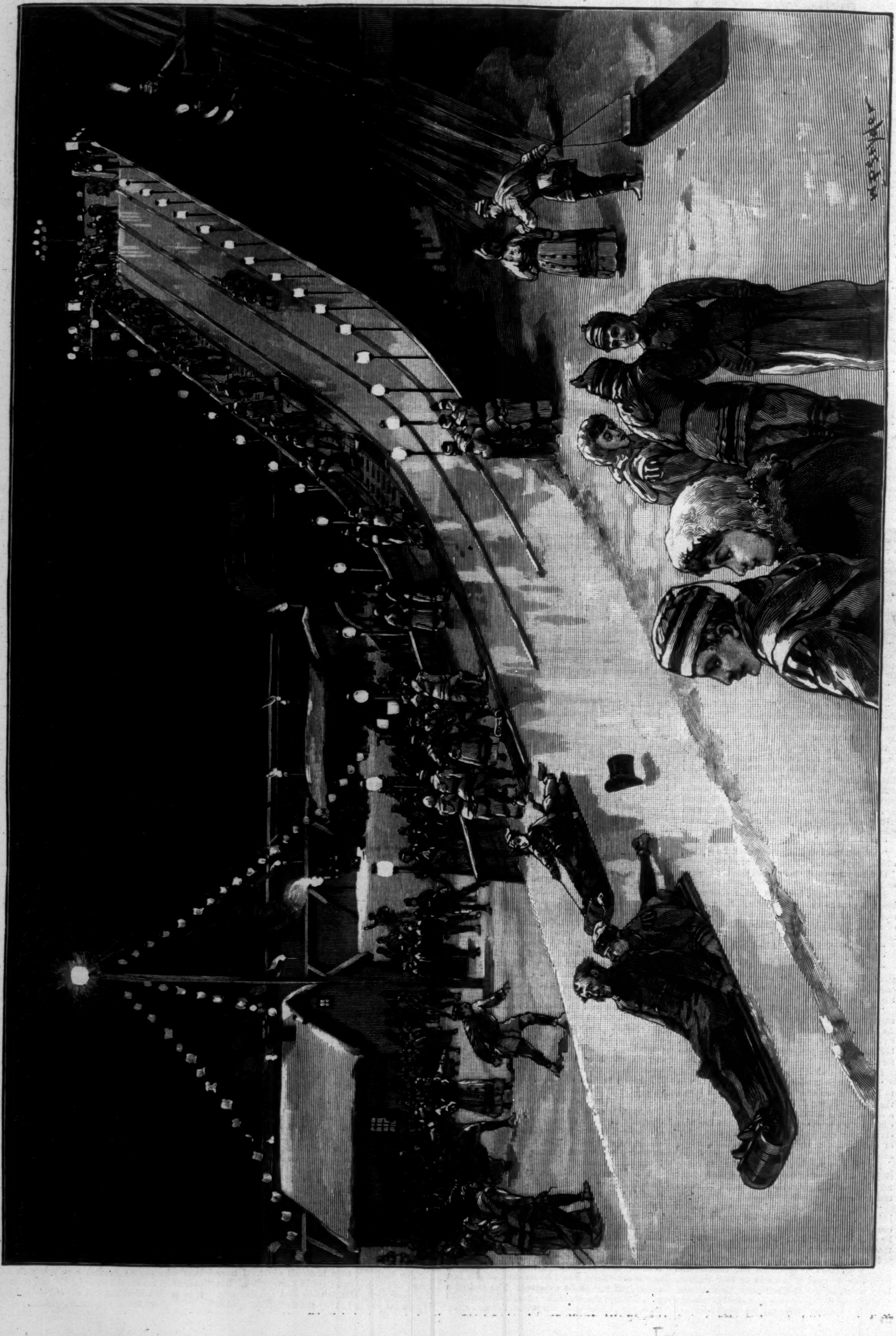
"I think," I said, "that if I were you, I would continue to carry on the business without asking any questions, until your master returns."

"I will, Sir," he replied; and he did. His master did not return, and this fortunate young man succeeded to a good stock and a flourishing trade, and would doubtless have become rich but for the accident of being killed by a drunken sailor.

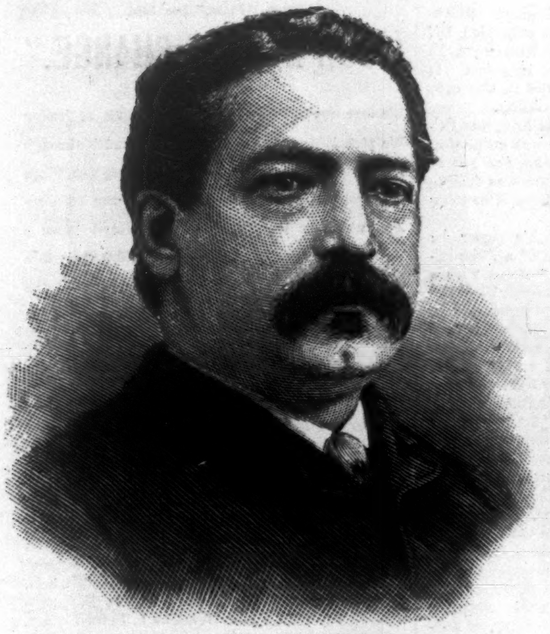
When it became known that Mr. Brinjes, Bess, and the Captain had all disappeared on the same evening, it was impossible not to connect these three events; and all the world believed (what was perfectly true) that the girl had run away with the Captain, and that Mr. Brinjes had gone too, out of pure affection for them.

The Admiral presently recovered from his attack, but he went no more to the Sir John Falstaff, and entirely lost his former spirits; and, as I have already said, within a year or two was carried off by an attack of gout in the stomach. Shortly afterward I was so happy as to win the affections of Castilla. She informed me that, although she was carried away by natural pride in so gallant a wooer as Jack, she had never felt for him such an assurance in his constancy as is necessary to secure happiness, and that, when she heard of his infatuated passion for so common a creature as Bess Westmoreland, she was thankful for her release, though she deplored the sad cause of it. "We no longer," she often says, "burn women for witchcraft, but such a girl as Bess, who can so bewitch a gallant man as to make him invoke the curse of Heaven upon him if he prove inconstant, and thereby bring him to

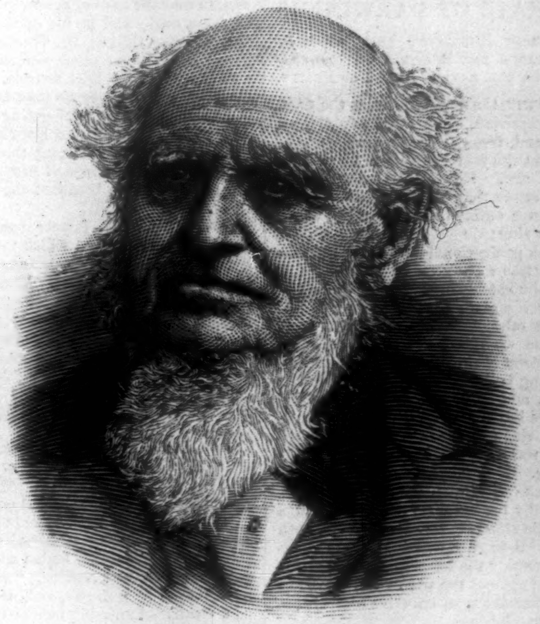
(Continued on page 853, Supplement.)



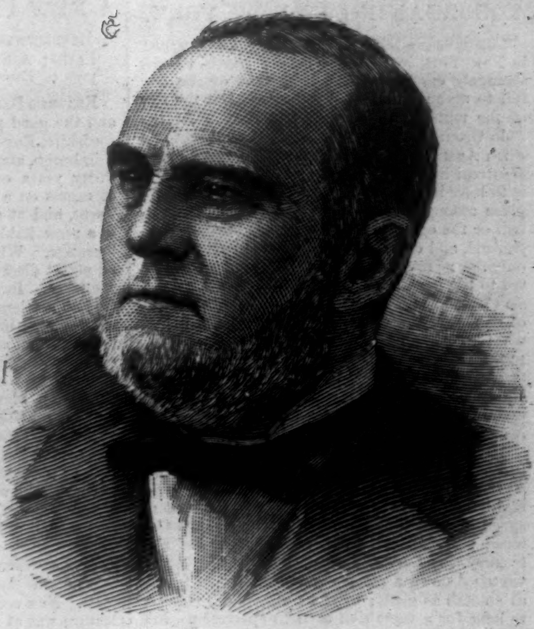
TOBOGGANING IN NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 850.]



SAMUEL GOMPERS, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.
Photographed by J. H. Ryde, Cleveland, Ohio.—[See Page 846.]



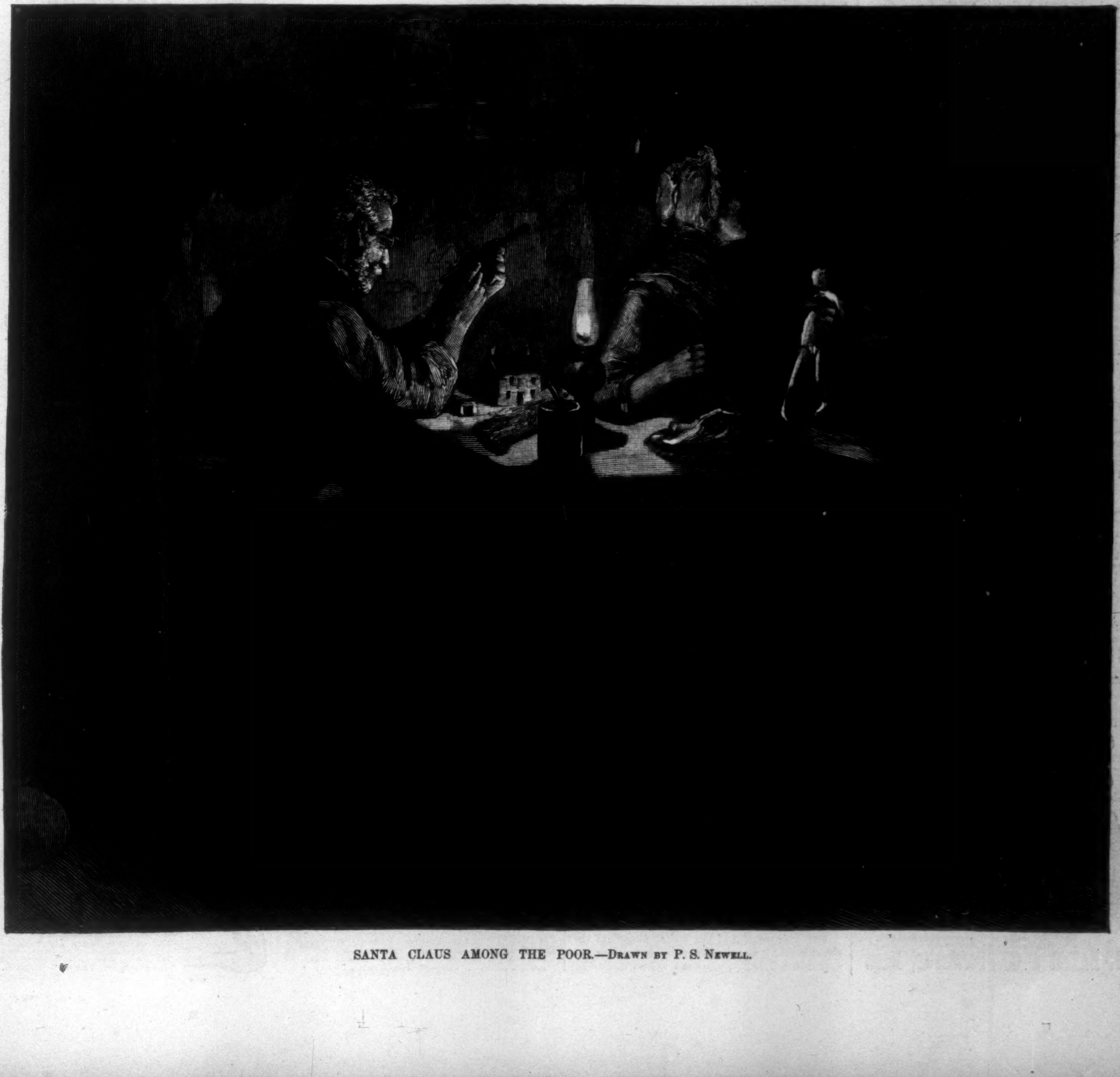
MARSHALL P. WILDER.
Photographed by J. W. Black & Co., Boston.—[See Page 843.]



JAMES D. WARREN.
Photographed by McMichael, Buffalo, New York.

JAMES D. WARREN.

The Republican party of New York State has lost in the death of James D. Warren one of its most active and prominent leaders. Mr. Warren had been ill since before the November election, and had no hopes of recovering, as he recognized his symptoms to be the same that preceded his father's death a few years ago. Born in Bennington, New York, January 19, 1823, he removed at an early age to the town of Clarence, Erie County, where his youth was spent as an assistant to his father, a farmer, who also kept a country store. He seemed to drift into politics naturally, and while yet quite young he was elected Supervisor of the town. In 1854 he was elected County Treasurer, filling that position for three years. Mr. Warren's career as a journalist began in 1861, when, in connection with Joseph Wheeler and Joseph Candee, he purchased the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*. A year later Mr. Candee retired, and Mr. James Matthews, now proprietor of the *Express*, was admitted into the partnership. In 1877, when Mr. Matthews retired from the partnership, Mr. Warren purchased the entire interest in the paper, and retained his position of proprietor and editor up to the time of his death. As the editor of a political newspaper he went into the work of party management and organization with an earnestness which soon brought him the reputation of being a shrewd political leader. He repeatedly served on the different State and National Committees of his party, and has been a delegate to every State Convention since 1872. Mr. Warren was one of the famous 306 who worked so hard for the renomination of General Grant at the Chicago Convention in 1880, and was equally earnest in his support of General Arthur for the nomination in 1884. Although the candidate chosen was far from being the candidate of his choice, yet his position as the Chairman of the Republican State Committee put upon him the chief stress of the canvass in the most important State in the Union, which was also one of the most doubtful. He had fairly earned a continuance of this place by his successful conduct of the State canvass. The plan of campaign pursued did not in all respects meet his wishes. His own services were none the less earnest and skilful, and the defeat of Mr. Blaine was not chargeable to any act or omission on the part of Mr. Warren.



SANTA CLAUS AMONG THE POOR.—Drawn by P. S. Newell.

TOBOGGANING IN NEW YORK.

The juvenile toboggan rudely began its career in New York in the days of the Dutch, though strangely enough all the historians of the city fail to make mention of the fact. But the day of the mature toboggan is just come. At the Polo Grounds, One-hundred-and-tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, a duplicate of the famous slide at Montreal has been constructed, and tobogganing is to have its "season," with as clear a right to a place among metropolitan amusements as base-ball or the opera. Toboggan clubs have been organized, and certain evenings are set apart when only the members of certain clubs will be admitted to the grounds. At all other times an admission fee is charged, and an admission fee is a sort of official notice that the sport has passed from what may be called the promiscuous and impromptu stage to the stage of a recognized and fashionable amusement. The problem of how children of mature years may slide down-hill and maintain their dignity is now happily solved in New York.

The height from which the start is made is forty-two feet, and the descent is down an incline one hundred and sixty feet long, which makes a highly sensational angle. It is not for lack of speed if the descent does not gratify the most intense yearning for the period of boyhood and truancy, for the most reckless youngster never ventured down a steeper hill when it was frozen as smooth as glass; or if he did, he did not live to long for a repetition of the experience. But tobogganing as a science is rid of the dangers which the daring small boy encounters. To begin with, the toboggan itself is now constructed so that it might be approved by life-insurance companies, and so as to cost more than most lads who seek snow-covered hill-sides have to spend for a whole winter's sport. Only one is allowed to start on the tracks at a time, and the conductor has to give assurance that he knows how to steer. A careful "starter" sets the toboggan going, and before he could possibly start another the first one has made its way far out along the road of snow. The tracks are of perfectly smooth ice, and the ruts cut in them are filled with water and frozen twice a day. At the foot of the incline the three tracks lead into a wide road of snow with a hard surface, which describes a semicircle, so that at the end of the swift journey the riders are not as far from the starting-point as if they had gone in a straight line. Although the enthusiastic tobogganer always enjoys the walk back; he is content that it should be as much shorter than the ride down as possible.

The total length of the principal run is 1200 feet. On the other side of the Polo Grounds is a shorter slide. The incline there is hardly more than half as long or as high as on the other side. The toboggans from each slide meet those from the other, where the force of each is spent. It is a very fine sight from the end of the Polo Grounds to see the swift sleds coming down on both sides, loaded with riders in the gay uniforms of their clubs, while another company of them is returning across the semicircle and pulling their toboggans up the inclines. And the sight is all the finer in the evening when the grounds are lighted. Scientific and fashionable tobogganing gives sufficient amusement to justify this encroachment on the monopoly formerly enjoyed by the small boy on the hill-side.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"*You have demonstrated that a* Perfectly *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure* '*La Belle*' *toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"

Chas. S. Higgins' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Have a Direct Influence on the Inflamed Parts, Giving relief in Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and the various Throat Troubles to which Singers and Public Speakers are liable *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts. —[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

A NEW PHASE OF DARWINISM.

A Development of Heredity; The Power of Faith; A Search for Purity; A Regeneration of Blood; The Saving Power of Purity.

Erasmus Darwin, the man of science, the poet, and the good physician, came to Lichfield, Staffordshire, England, fresh from the University of Edinburgh, about the year 1760, when he was not thirty years of age. He took a humble suite of rooms on a street that overlooked the silvery Trent, and at once entered upon practice, which in a remarkably short time became extensive and lucrative. With professional popularity he gained social distinction among the young people of the town. In the shadow of the noble cathedral he found friendship and association, such as had been denied the other great Lichfield man, Samuel Johnson, and such as had been given Lichfieldians like Gilbert Walmsley and Henry Hervey. There were young ladies of rank and wealth who smiled on him, and were willing to give their money and titles in exchange for his love, but he cared not. Marriage was far from his thoughts. His profession was his all. He had no time for love or pleasure.

In 1768 he was called upon one day by Thomas Chaffee, a wealthy brewer, who complained of a severe pain in his stomach. The doctor had been doing a great deal to stay the tide of intemperance that was cursing the borough, but his words had not weighed against the product of Chaffee's malt. Now a chance for an effective temperance lecture was at hand.

"Thomas," he said, "you have got a cancer. Your liquor caused it. I cannot cure you. You have committed suicide, but for God's sake stop your brewing before you commit unnumbered homicides."

Quite naturally such plain language displeased the brewer, and he went home enraged. His daughter Sinai shared her father's anger when she heard of the young doctor's words, and having a wild spirit of her own, she forthwith called on Dr. Darwin to show her resentment. The outcome of the call was that the lady admired the physician's quiet courage of conviction, and he reciprocated by admiring her championship of her father and his vocation.

The result was mutual love and a marriage engagement. In a few months Thomas Chaffee was dead of gastric cancer, and his daughter had shown her love for Dr. Darwin by selling the brewery, and by working hand in hand with him to diminish drunkenness. She would do anything for him, and she loved him with most beautiful strength and depth of affection.

But the doctor was too scientific to be a true lover. He was too much like his grandson. The girl pleased him well, but after a protracted engagement he heartlessly broke it by arguing to himself and his *fiancée* that it was probable that she would inherit her father's terrible malady, and that such a probability would entail a burden of unhappiness on them both. Such cool reasoning was a dreadful blow to the orphan girl, and, as nothing was left to bind her to her native town, she soon emigrated to America. Dr. Darwin removed from Lichfield to Derby a little later, and won great fame as an author and a scientist, and had a home that might have been happy.

Sinai Chaffee could not forget her first love. Finding a home with relatives near Albany, she lived a quiet maiden life for many years, and never entered society. Amasa Converse went frequently from his home in Windsor, Massachusetts, to Albany, and when the next June came up the Hudson, there was a bloom of orange blossoms at the Van Ness mansion-house, and Chancellor John Lansing gave away the bride, the fair and gentle Sinai. Mr. Converse was a farmer, but he gave his wife a pleasant home among the Berkshire Hills. When her first-born came, and they told her it was a son, she said, "His name shall be Erasmus Darwin Converse."

The years passed happily. Afterward there were born two daughters, and then the mother died. On her dying bed she told her sister-in-law of her early love.

"There is no cancer in my blood," she said, when the fury of fever had inflamed her veins; "but, Polly, I fear that my boy may some time suffer from the disease."

Polly only smiled at such an idea, but she did not forget it. Darwin Converse grew a stalwart and healthy lad, but he had his mother's gentle and retiring manner. His father married again, and sent the boy away to school, where for a chum he had George Dana Eustis, and where he made the close acquaintance of William Cullen Bryant. The poet was soon away to the city, but he left young Converse in Cummington, where for a quarter of a century they met every summer, and kept their friendship warm. Converse was a farmer, but he was a scholar and a philosopher, and his secluded life was never other than happy. Marrying a wife, and living a successful life, he passed middle age and never knew a day of sickness. One autumn day in 1873 he drove from Cummington to Pittsfield, and, as was his custom, took dinner with his aunt, Mrs. Polly Pratt.

"Why do you wear a muffler," she asked him.

"My throat pains me some," he said, "and so I bundle it up."

The old lady asked to see his ailing throat, and noticed on one of the tonsils a small scarlet spot.

"Can it be—cancer?" she thought, remembering his mother's prophetic fears.

The next time the farmer went to Pittsfield it was three months later, and it was to consult a physician about his throat. Dr. C. D. Mills examined him, and finding his system in prime condition, was inclined to treat him for an entirely local affection.

"Doctor," said the sage old aunt, "isn't it cancer?" and she told of the hereditary liability.

The next time that the doctor looked at the circumscribed, angry redness, he recognized the antecedent heredity, and knew the particular direction that the morbid action had taken. "Cancer," he said; and in his opinion coincided Dr. Wm. Warren Greene, Dr. Thomas Hun, Dr. A. N. Allen, and several other eminent surgeons. It was cancer, at the best terrible, but in this case made more terrible by its inaccessibility.

The prophecy, born of outraged love, was fulfilled; and while Charles Darwin was surprising the world with his brilliant theories, the son of his grandfather's wronged first love was feeling deathly pain as he breathed the keen Massachusetts air.

One day as the farmer read his paper he chanced to see an item which told of a Philadelphia physician who was treating diseases with a compound form of oxygen. The farmer liked the idea, and in the summer he went to Philadelphia. Dreading lest he was to fall into the hands of a charlatan, he gave Dr. G. R. Starkey an assumed name, and showed him his throat. After an examination he said, "Doctor, if your treatment will purify my blood, I want it." "The inhalation," answered the physician, "will do just this if you will give it time. It will render your system able to throw off the matter that causes the disease."

"I am a believer. Begin your treatment," was all the man could say.

Advantages were realized at once. The system that had begun to totter under the burden of the terrible disease was speedily vitalized, and gradually the throat lesion began to assume the appearance of healthy healing. "*My throat is well*," he was soon able to say, and, with the exception of a cicatricial spot in place of the ulcer, he never suffered further inconvenience. Of course the physicians had to admit that he was *cured*, though Dr. Mills was inclined to doubt.

Alonzo Morse, a worthy citizen of Vineland, New Jersey, was a cousin of Mr. Converse, and had a cancer at the inner canthus of his left eye. He was induced to try the Treatment, and was cured, as hundreds of reputable citizens of Vineland and Dalton, Massachusetts, can testify. Said Mr. Morse to a reporter, "That Philadelphia doctor saved my life, and I am positive that there is no other physician who can cure cancer."

This is but one of a hundred singular chronic cases whose relief and final cure have made their friends view it almost as a miracle.

The above testimonial is published, not to claim for the Compound Oxygen a cure of any specific disease, but as a marked illustration of the way it cures all afflictions. The process is that of *revitalizing* the physical organism, so that it is restored to a state of natural health. Now it is to be well noted that this revitalization is not an artificial supply of a given amount of vitality, which is to be soon exhausted, thus leaving the system in the same condition in which it was; but it puts the organs whose functions it is to generate vitality in a state of full health. This testimonial was written by the well-known writer, Rev. M. C. Cogswell, without our suggestion or knowledge, and sent to us. We have kept it two years, and have taken pains to establish its authenticity. Being satisfied on that point, we allow it to go forth, not for the purpose of soliciting cases of cancer for treatment. We have never *seen* a case of cancer thoroughly cured by Compound Oxygen, but we have seen enough of its effects in cancerous cases to be convinced that many of them might be cured if taken in time.

In corroboration of this statement we give the following account of a case sent to us by the patient, an estimable lady of Millersburg, Ohio.

August 31, 1886.

"I think you have said in some of your circulars that you did not claim that the Compound Oxygen would 'perform surgical operations or cure cancer.' I think I can now say that it has cured what would have been cancer two years ago had it not been treated according to your directions. While using the Oxygen by inhalation, I also bathed the sore, or rather covered it with a cloth saturated with inhaler water, at morning and at night, as directed, since it became worse through neglect of the treatment last spring, and am happy to say that I regard it as cured, although I still apply the water. The itching and gnawing sensation is gone, the last vestige of scab has disappeared, and there is only a small discolored depression (very slight) left to tell of the trouble now. I have used nothing for it whatever except your treatment, so the cure can be ascribed to nothing else."

The Compound Oxygen has now received a world-wide reputation for its efficiency in curing chronic diseases. The afflicted will find facts and testimonials greatly to their interest in the Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and their publications on various diseases, which are all sent free upon application, addressed to Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Physician's Favorite
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

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From "Puck," Dec. 1886.

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We love our *Agriculturist*, and when we 're feeling blue
We pick it up, and softly smile, and read it through and through;
And then we fancy that we fly, with gorgeous silken sails,
All stretched and filled with purple tones and aromatic gales.
And while we read we have to rise and dance a lively jig,
To learn the thing that always cures dyspepsia in a pig,
Or how to keep the down from dropping off the winter geese,
And what to feed the sheep upon to make them taste like meese.*
We do not want to be a Czar, an Emperor, or King,
A Sultan, or a Shah, or any other royal thing;
But it would keep our fancies ever more upon the bud
To own an *Agriculturist* and be the Editor! Judd.

* Plural of moose.

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It is a safeguard against the spread of contagion.

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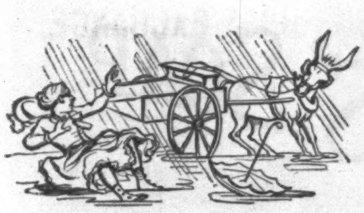
PROF. D. L. DOWD'S SCHOOLS OF SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR GENTLEMEN, LADIES, AND CHILDREN, 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N.Y. Special attention is given to weaknesses and curvatures; also, to producing a sound, healthy body. One of the many to whom we can refer is Mr Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong." Send for circular of schools and references.



A Wonderful Mule.

This is a picture of a wonderful mule. He is not handsome, but he is a knowing mule. His name is Judge. He judged that Mrs. Brown did not treat him quite considerate and he spilled her in the mud.

Look at Judge. He appears as innocent as a lamb. Look at Mrs. Brown. She was badly mussed. She was also very mad.

This was the way it happened. Sarah Ann—that is Mrs. Brown, had a baby. It was a rip staving crying baby. He had colic, bowel complaint, fever, worms and lots of other things.

Of course he cried. He had cried and pined for several months. Mrs. Brown couldn't sleep. As for that matter, neither could any one else sleep in that house.

Mrs. Brown had tried doctors. She had also tried medicine. Still baby cried. He was a sick baby. She knew that she should go crazy. She believed that her baby would die. It looked just that way.

Mrs. Brown had a brother. He was a doctor. He lived in Kansas. Just then brother James wrote Sarah Ann a letter. He wrote about a wonderful medicine for children. A medicine that had cured all the babies in Coyote City and nearly bankrupted him.

He believed that that medicine would cure Sarah Ann's baby. That's what Doctor Jim wrote.

So Judge had been taking Mrs. Brown to get some of that medicine. It was Castoria. It rhymes with Francoria, Lenoria and Genovia. Mrs. Brown's baby's name was Genovia. Singular that she hadn't heard of Castoria.

It rained. Judge wanted to get home. Mrs. Brown thought he was going pretty fast down the Dike hill. She jerked the lines and said "Whoa, Judge."

Judge did "Whoa." In a jiff Mrs. Brown was sitting in the mud. She yelled. Most women would have cried. But Mrs. Brown yelled. Yelling was better. It brought Brown. Mr. Brown took Mrs. Brown to the house.

It was an awful time. Baby was crying hallelujah. Mrs. Brown was covered with mud and ready for hysterics. But baby took some Castoria. He seemed to like it. Babies generally do like Castoria.

You may not believe it—but that night baby slept. Mrs. Brown slept, and everbody in the Brown house slept. It was their first good sleep for months.

Castoria cured Genovia. That's what the Clark's and the Brooks', and all the neighbors say. Castoria always cures babies. It cures them quickly. It has been doing it for thirty years and it has never failed.

Mrs. E. C. Gildersleeve, an experienced nurse residing at No. 402 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., says:—"I have used Castoria in numerous cases for babies of 4 weeks old and upwards, with most wonderful effects.

The celebrated Dr. Alex. Robertson, 1,057 2nd Ave., N. Y., says:—"I prescribe Castoria in my practice and find it peculiarly adapted to affections of children and females."

Dr. Norman P. Little, of Columbus, Conn., and well-known throughout New England, says:—"I prescribe Castoria for children, as superior to any formula known to me. Each of my eight children have taken it with most beneficial effects."

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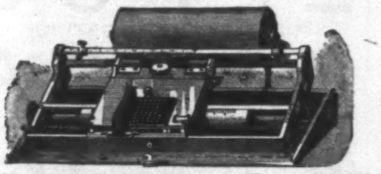

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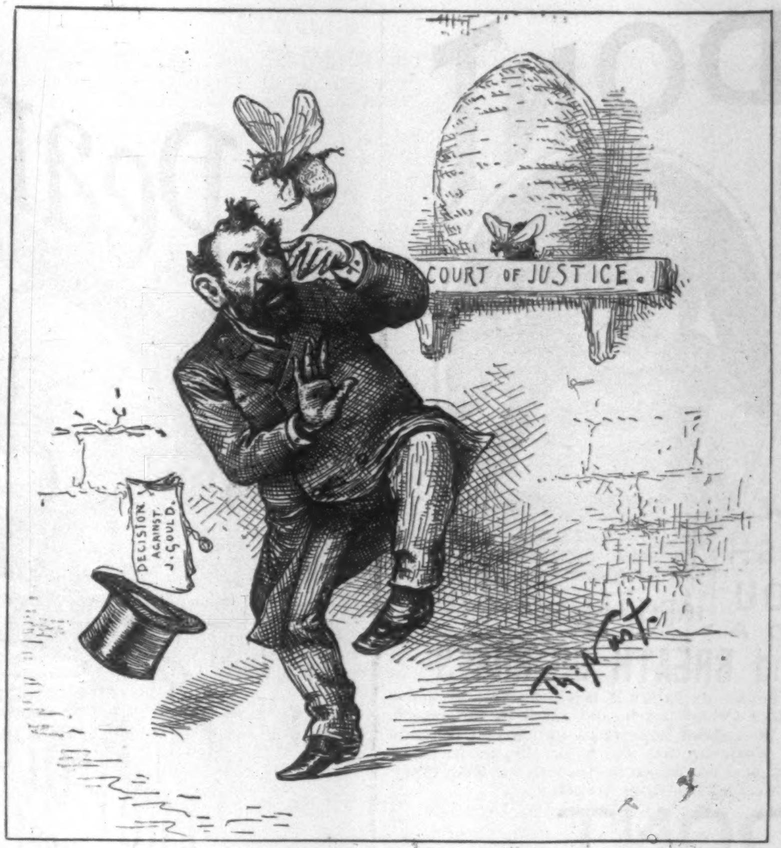
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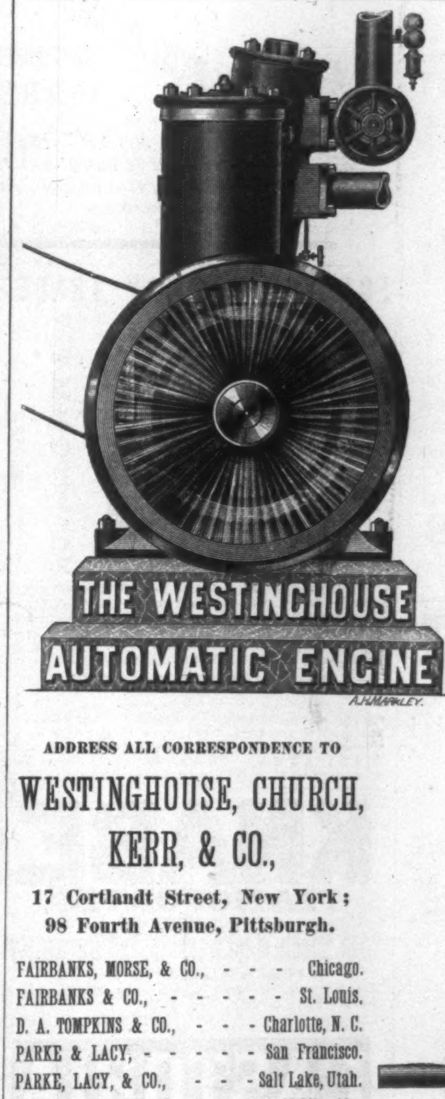

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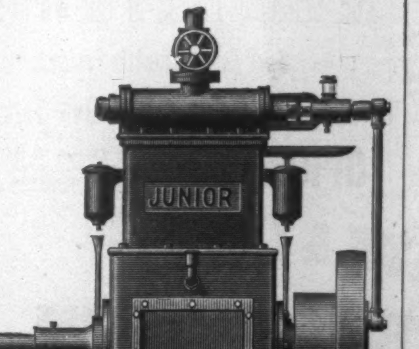

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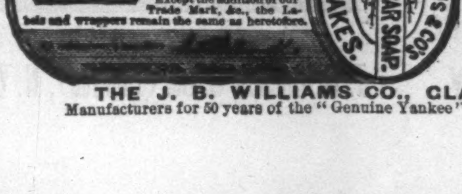
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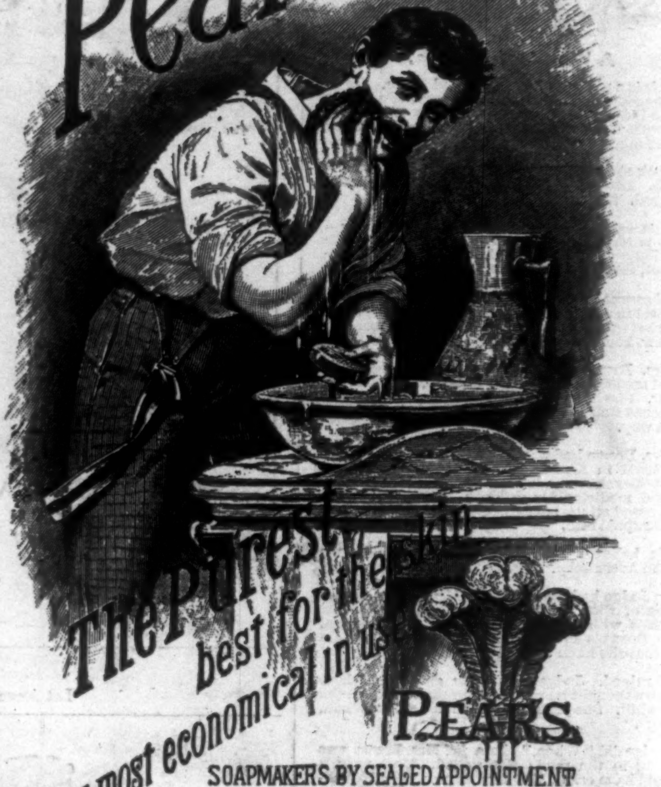

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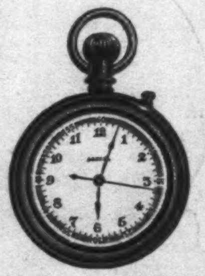

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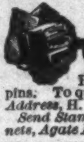

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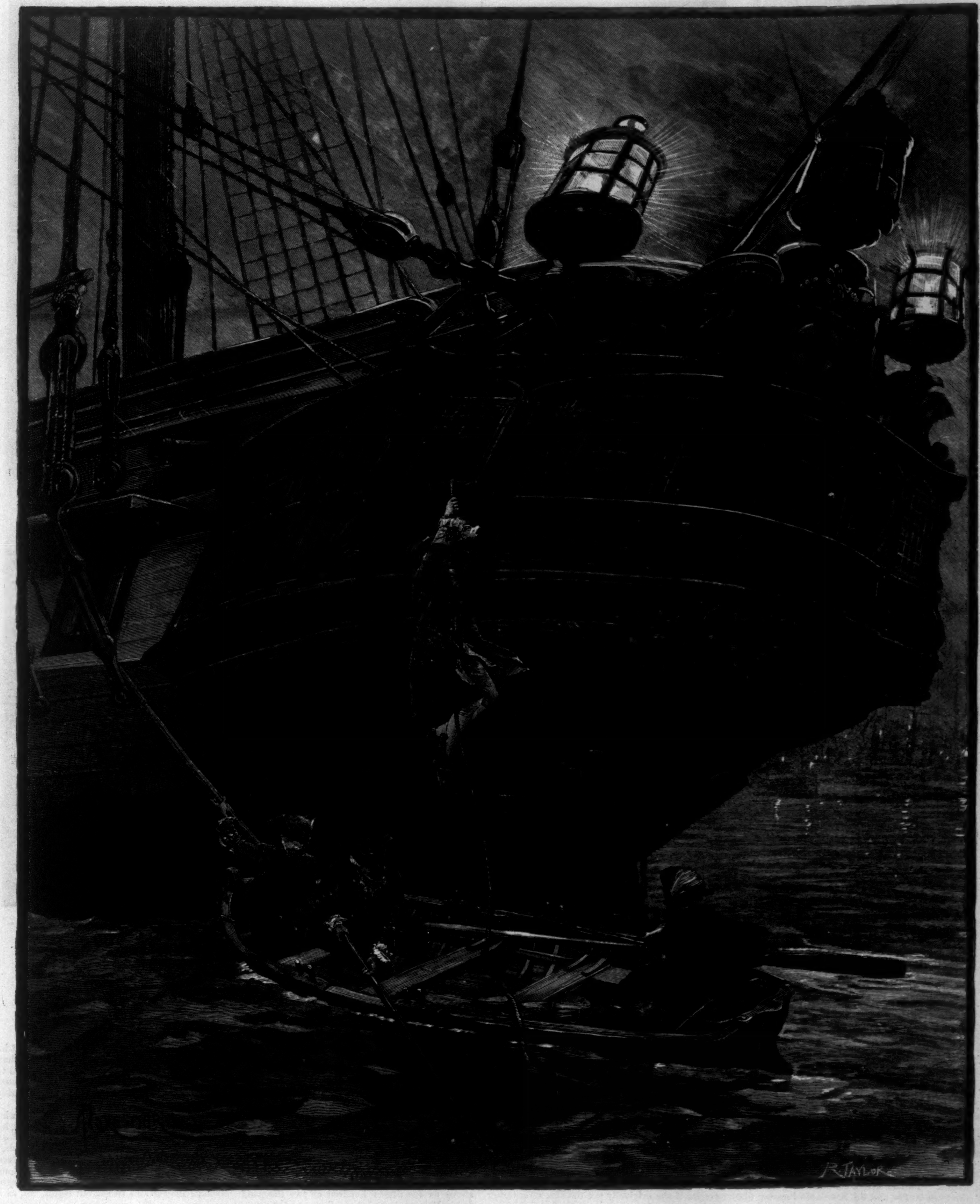


"AND THEN, HAND UNDER HAND, OUR PRISONER CAME SWIFTLY DOWN."

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

[*Continued from page* 847.]

shame and disgrace, ought to be punished in some condign and exemplary manner." It is not my practice to argue with my wife, especially on points where we are not likely to agree; and as Bess will probably never return, and cannot, therefore, be punished, Castilla may say anything she pleases about her. For my own part, my heart has always been with that poor girl, who did not seek for or expect the honor of Jack's affections, and whose only witchery was in her beauty and her black eyes.

On the conclusion of peace, in 1762, Aaron Fletcher, with many other Marines, was disbanded, but he was afraid to venture back into Deptford, where his creditors would have arrested him. I know not for a certainty what he did to bring the arm of the law upon him; but I know what became of him; for one day, being at Limehouse, I saw going along the road on the way to the Stairs, where were waiting several ships' boats, a dismal company of convicts, for embarkation to the plantations of Jamaica, or Barbadoes, or some other West Indian island. There were at least a hundred of them, walking two and two, handcuffed in pairs. Some of these were in rags, some shaking with prison-fever, some dejected, some angry and mutinous, some were singing—there are wretches so hardened that they will sing ribald songs on their way even to the gallows. One there was of appearance and bearing superior to the rest, by whose side there walked a young woman, his wife or mistress, bearing a baby, and crying bitterly; another, beside whom walked a grave and sober citizen, the brother or cousin of the convict, the tears in his eyes. But mostly there were no friends or relations to mourn over this outcast crew. And at the head marched a band of fifes and drums, playing "Through the woods, laddie"; and a crowd of boys followed, whooping and hallooing. When the procession was nearly past, I was surprised to see among the men, handcuffed together, no other than Aaron Fletcher and Mr. Jonathan Rayment, the crimp. The latter was pale, and his fat cheeks shook, and all his limbs trembled with fever. 'Twould have been merciful to let him lie till death should carry him off. But Aaron walked upright, looking about him with eyes full of mutiny and murder. I know not if he saw me; but the procession filed past, and the band went on playing at the head of the Stairs while the wretches embarked on board the boats. As for the crimes which Aaron and his companion had committed, I do not know what they were, but I suspect kidnapping formed part. I have never learned what became of Mr. Rayment; but concerning Aaron there afterward came intelligence that he could not brook the overseer's lash and the hot sun, and fled, with intent to join the wild Maroons, but was followed by blood-hounds, and pursued, and, being brought back to his master, was naturally flogged. He then sickened of a calenture and died. He was a bad man; but he was punished for his sins. Indeed, it is most true that the way of transgressors is hard.

Lastly, to complete this narrative, I must tell you of a message which came to me five or six years after the court-martial. It was brought even from the Southern Seas. Heard one ever of a message or letter from that remote and unknown part?

There was a certain wild fellow, Deptford born, named Will Acorn by name. This young man, for sins of his which need not delay us, left his native town, where he had been brought up as a shipwright, and went to sea. Nor did he come back again for several years, when he reappeared, the old business being now blown over and forgotten. And presently he came to my house, I then living in St. Martin Street for convenience of business, and told me a strange story.

With some other privateers of Jamaica, where these fellows are mostly found, he must needs try his fortune in the South Seas. Accordingly they got possession of a brig, or barcolongo, as they call this kind of ship in the West Indies, and they armed her with certain carronades and peteraroes, and to the number of eighty or ninety stout men, all fully armed, put out to sea. In short, they proposed to go a-pirating among the Spanish settlements, as many have done before them.

It matters not here what was the success of their voyage—Will Acorn, at least, returned home in a very ragged and penniless condition. This, however, was the man's story:

"We sighted one morning at daybreak, being then not far from Masa Fuera, a large brigantine flying Spanish colors. She was much too big for us to tackle, therefore we hoisted the Spanish flag, too, and bore away, hoping that she would let us alone, and go on her own course. But that would not suit her, neither, and she fired a shot across our bows, as a signal to back sail. This we did, expecting nothing short of hanging, for she carried thirty guns at least, and we could see that she was well manned, and looked as if she was handled by a French Captain, under whom even a Creolian Spanish crew will fight. Well, she spoke us when she was near enough, and ordered, in Spanish, that the Captain was to come aboard. Now, as I was the only man who had any Spanish, our Captain bade me to come with him. So I went, and we thought we were going to instant death, the Spaniards being born devils when they get an English crew in their power.

"Sir," this honest fellow continued, "think of our astonishment when, on climbing the vessel's side, they ran up the pirates' flag; to be sure, we were little else than pirates ourselves; but we knew not what countrymen these were. As for the crew, they were nearly all black negroes, and a devilish fighting lot they looked, being armed with pistols and cutlasses, while the decks were cleared for action, and every man to quarters, and the whole as neat and clean as aboard a British man-o'-war. And on the quarter-deck there stood, glass in hand, none other than Captain Easterbrook himself, the same as was tried by court-martial, sentenced, and escaped. He was dressed very fine, in crimson silk, with a gold chain, and pistols in his belt. I knew him directly; but his face is changed, for now it is the face of one who gives no quarter. A fiercer face I never saw anywhere.

"But the strangest thing was that I saw lying in the sun, propped up by pillows and cushions, the old Deptford Apothecary, Mr. Brinjes. He looked no older, and no younger; his one eye twinkling and winking, and his face covered with wrinkles.

"'Will Acorn ahoy!' he sings out. 'Will Acorn, by the Lord!'

"When he said this, there came out from the Captain's cabin a most splendid lady, dressed in all the satins and silks you can think of, with gold chains round her neck, and jewels sparkling in her hair. Behind her came two black women, holding a silken sun-shade over her head. Why sir, 'twas none other than Bess Westmoreland, the Penman's daughter, and more beautiful than ever, though her cheek was pale, and eyes were somewhat anxious.

"'Will Acorn?' she cried. 'Is that Will Acorn, of Deptford Town?'

"So with that the Captain called us from the poop. 'Harkye,' he said, 'you seem to be Englishmen. What ship is yours?'

"So we told him who we were, and why we were cruising in those seas. He listened—'tis a terrible fighting face—and heard us out, and then bade us drink and go our way.

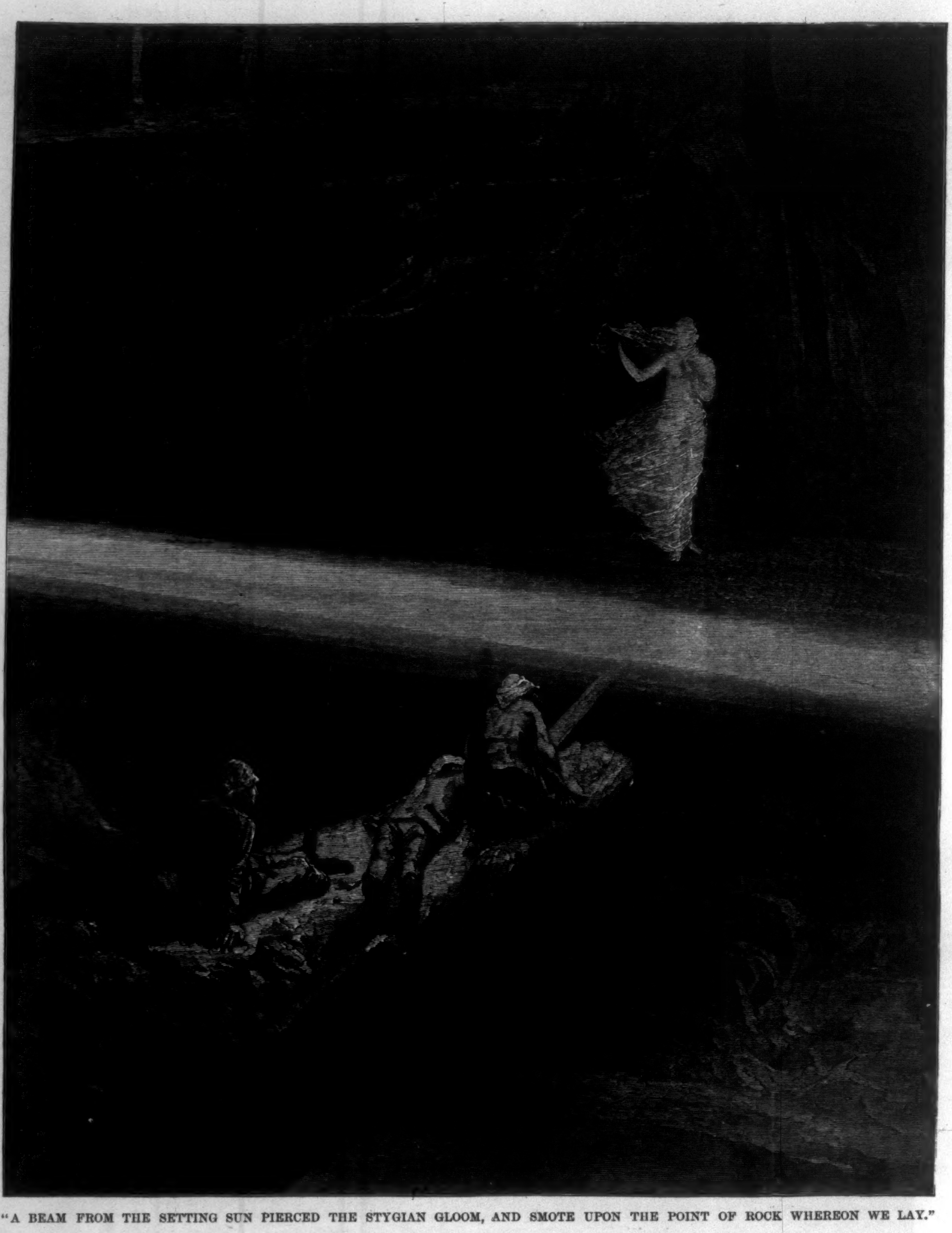
"'I war not with Englishmen,' he said; 'but for French and Spaniard I know no quarter.'

"He said no more, but his lady—Bess Westmoreland that was—stepped out to us, and asked me many questions about Deptford folk. And then she put into my hands this parcel, which I faithfully promised to deliver into your hands, sir, should I ever return home again. And I was to tell you that they had found Mr. Brinjes's island, and she was as happy as she could expect to be. And then Mr. Brinjes lifted his head and said, in a piping voice, 'And tell him,' he said, with his one eye like a burning coal, 'tell Luke Anguish, man, that we committed the town of Guayaquil to the flames. 'Twould have done his heart good to see the town on fire, and the Spaniards roasting like so many heretics at the stake!'"

This was the message. The parcel contained a gold chain and cross, set with precious stones, which I gave to Castilla, hoping thereby to make her think less hardly of poor Bess. But in vain; though she wears the chain, which, she says—though this is not the case—was sent to her by Captain Easterbrook, in token of his repentance, and his unhappiness with the woman who bewitched him, and his continual sorrow for the loss of her own hand.

It is now more than thirty years ago, and since then we have heard nothing more. I conjecture that either they have long since been swallowed up in a hurricane, Bess dying, as she wished, at the same moment as Jack, or that they are still living somewhere in those warm and sunny islands of which the Apothecary was never wearied of discoursing.

THE END.



"A BEAM FROM THE SETTING SUN PIERCED THE STYGIAN GLOOM, AND SMOTE UPON THE POINT OF ROCK WHEREON WE LAY."

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

XXIV.

WALKING THE PLANK.

Next day the mutes woke us before the dawn; and by the time that we had got the sleep out of our eyes, and gone through a very perfunctory wash at a spring which still welled up into the remains of a marble basin in the centre of the north quadrangle of the vast outer court, we found *She* standing by the latter, ready to start, while old Billali and the two bearer mutes were busy collecting the baggage. As usual, Ayesha was veiled like the marble Truth (by-the-way, I wonder if she originally got the idea of covering up her beauty from that statue?). I noticed, however, that she seemed very depressed, and had none of that proud and buoyant bearing which would have betrayed her among a thousand women of the same stature, even if they had been veiled like herself. She looked up as we came—for her head was bowed—and greeted us. Leo asked her how she had slept.

"Ill, my Kallikrates," she answered—"ill. This night have strange and hideous dreams come creeping through my brain, and I know not what they portend. Come, let us be setting forth, for we have far to go, and before another day is born in yonder blue should we stand in the place of Life."

In five minutes more we were once more on our way through the vast ruined city, that loomed at us on either side in the gray dawning in a way that was at once grand and oppressive. Just as the first ray of the rising sun shot like a golden arrow athwart this storied desolation we gained the further gateway of the outer wall, and having given one more glance at the hoar and pillared majesty through which we had passed, and (with the exception of Job, for whom ruins had no charms) breathed a sigh of regret that we had not had more time to explore it, passed through the great moat, and on to the plain beyond.

After a very brief halt for breakfast we pressed on with such good-will that by two o'clock in the afternoon we were at the foot of the vast wall of rock that formed the lip of the volcano, and which at this point towered up precipitously above us for fifteen hundred or two thousand feet. Here we halted, certainly not to my astonishment, for I did not see how it was possible that we should go any further.

"Now," said Ayesha, as she descended from her litter, "doth our labor but commence, for here do we part with these men, and henceforward must we bear ourselves;" and then, addressing Billali, "do thou and these slaves remain here, and abide our coming. By to-morrow at the mid-day shall we be with thee; if not, wait."

Billali bowed humbly, and said that her august bidding should be obeyed if they stopped there till they grew old.

"And this man, O Holly!" said *She*, pointing to Job; "best is it that he should tarry also, for if his heart be not high and his courage great, perchance some evil might overtake him. Also, the secrets of the place whither we go are not fit for common eyes."

I translated this to Job, who instantly and earnestly entreated me, almost with tears in his eyes, not to leave him behind. He said that he was sure that he could see nothing worse than he had already seen, and that he was terrified to death at the idea of being left alone with those "dumb folk," who, he thought, would probably take the opportunity to hot-pot him.

I translated what he said to Ayesha, who shrugged her shoulders, and answered, "Well, let him come, it is naught to me; on his own head be it, and he will serve to bear the lamp and this," and she pointed to a narrow plank, some sixteen feet long, which had been bound above the long bearing-pole of her hammock, as I had thought to make the curtains spread out better, but, as it now appeared, for some unknown purpose connected with our extraordinary undertaking.

Accordingly, the plank, which, though tough, was very light, was given to Job to carry, and also one of the lamps. I slung the other on to my back, together with a spare jar of oil, while Leo loaded himself with the provisions and some water in a kid's skin. When this was done, *She* bade Billali and the six bearer mutes to retreat behind a grove of flowering magnolias about a hundred yards away, and remain there under the pain of death till we had vanished. They bowed humbly and went, and as he departed, old Billali gave me a friendly shake of the hand, and whispered that he had rather that it was I than he who was going on this wonderful expedition with "*She-who-must-be-obeyed*," and upon my word I felt inclined to agree with him. In another minute they were gone, and then, having briefly asked us if we were ready, Ayesha turned, and gazed up the towering cliff.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

"Goodness me, Leo," I said, "surely we are not going to climb that!"

Leo shrugged his shoulders, being in a condition of half-fascinated, half-expectant mystification, and, as he did so, Ayesha with a sudden move began to climb the cliff, and of course we had to follow her. It was perfectly marvellous to see the ease and grace with which she sprung from rock to rock, and swung herself along the ledges. The ascent was not, however, so difficult as it looked, although there were one or two nasty places where it did not do to look behind you, the fact being that the rock still sloped here, and was not absolutely precipitous as it was higher up. In this way we, with no great labor, mounted to a height of some fifty feet above our last standing-place, the only really troublesome thing to manage being Job's board, and in doing so drew some fifty or sixty paces to the left of our starting-point, for we went up like a crab, sideways. Presently we reached a ledge, narrow enough at first, but which widened as we followed it, and what is more, sloped inward like the petal of a flower, so that as we followed it we gradually got into a kind of rut or fold of rock that grew deeper and deeper, till at last it resembled a Devonshire lane in stone, and hid us perfectly from the gaze of anybody on the slope below, if there had been anybody to gaze. This lane (which appeared to be a natural formation) continued for some fifty or sixty paces, and then suddenly ended in a cave, also natural, running at right angles to it. I am sure that it was a natural cave, and not hollowed by the hand of man, because of its irregular and contorted shape and course, which gave it the appearance of having been blown bodily in the mountain by some frightful eruption of gas following the line of the least resistance. All the caves hollowed by the ancients of Kôr, on the contrary, were cut out with the most perfect regularity and symmetry. At the mouth of this cave Ayesha halted, and bade us light the two lamps, which I did, giving one to her and keeping the other myself. Then, taking the lead, she advanced down the cavern, picking her way with great care, as, indeed, it was necessary to do, for the floor was most irregular—strewn with bowlders like the bed of a stream, and in some places pitted with deep holes, in which it would have been easy to break one's leg.

This cavern we pursued for twenty minutes or more, it being, so far as I could form a judgment—owing to its numerous twists and turns, no easy task—about a quarter of a mile long.

At last, however, we halted at its further end, and whilst I was still trying to pierce the gloom a great gust of air came tearing down it, and extinguished both the lamps.

Ayesha called to us, and we crept up to her, for she was a little in front, and were rewarded with a view that was positively appalling in its gloom and grandeur. Before us was a mighty chasm in the black rock, jagged and torn and splintered through it in a far past age by some awful convulsion of Nature, as though it had been cleft by stroke upon stroke of the lightning. This chasm, which was bounded by a precipice on the hither, and presumably, though we could not see it, on the further side also, may have measured any width across, but from its darkness I do not think that it can have been very broad. It was impossible to make out much of its outline, or how far it ran, for the simple reason that the point where we were standing was so far from the upper surface of the cliff, at least fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, that only a very dim light struggled down to us from above. The mouth of the cavern gave on to a most curious and tremendous spur of rock, which jutted out in the gulf before us in mid-air for a distance of some fifty yards, coming to a sharp point at its termination, and resembling nothing that I can think of so much as the spur upon the leg of a cock in shape. This huge spur was attached only to the parent precipice at its base, which was, of course, enormous, just as the cock's spur is attached to its leg. Otherwise it was utterly unsupported.

"Here must we pass," said Ayesha. "Be careful lest giddiness overcome ye, or the wind sweep ye into the gulf beneath, for of a truth it hath no bottom;" and, without giving us any further time to get scared, she started walking along the spur, leaving us to follow her as best we might. I was next to her, then came Job, painfully dragging his plank, while Leo brought up the rear.

In a few minutes we had crossed some twenty paces of this awful bridge, which got narrower at every step, and then all of a sudden a great gust came tearing along the gorge. I saw Ayesha lean herself against it, but the strong draught got under her dark cloak, and tore it from her, and away it went down the wind, flapping like a dying bird. It was dreadful to see it go, till it was lost in the blackness. I clung to the saddle of rock, and looked round, while the great spur vibrated with a humming sound beneath us, like a living thing.

The whole position was so tremendous and so absolutely unearthly that I believe it actually lulled our sense of terror, but to this hour I often see it in my dreams, and wake up covered with cold perspiration at its mere phantasy.

"On! on!" cried the white form before us, for now the cloak had gone *She* was robed in white, and looked more like a spirit riding down the gale than a woman; "on, or ye will fall and be dashed to pieces. Keep your eyes fixed upon the ground and closely hug the rock."

We obeyed her, and crept painfully along the quivering path, against which the wind shrieked and wailed as it shook it, causing it to murmur like a vast tuning-fork. On we went, I do not know for how long, only gazing round now and again, when it was absolutely necessary, until at last we saw that we were on the very tip of the spur, a slab of rock, little larger than an ordinary table, and that throbbed and jumped like any over-engined steamer. There we lay on our stomachs, clinging to the ground, and looked about, while Ayesha stood leaning out against the wind, down which her long hair streamed, and, absolutely heedless of the hideous depth that yawned beneath, pointed before her. Then we saw why the narrow plank, which Job and I had painfully dragged along between us, had been provided. Before us was an empty space, on the other side of which was something, as yet we could not see what, for here—either owing to the shadow of the opposite cliff, or from some other cause—the gloom was that of night.

"We must wait awhile," called Ayesha; "soon there will be light."

At the moment I could not imagine what she meant. How could more light than there was ever come to this dreadful spot? Whilst I was still debating in my mind, suddenly, like a great sword of flame, a beam from the setting sun pierced the Stygian gloom, and smote upon the point of rock whereon we lay, illuminating Ayesha's lovely form with an unearthly splendor. I only wish that I could describe the wild and marvellous beauty of that sword of fire, laid across the darkness and rushing mist-wreaths of the gulf. How it got there I do not to this moment know, but I presume there was some cleft or hole in the opposing cliff through which it pierced when the setting orb was in a direct line with it. All I can say is that the effect was the most wonderful that I ever saw. Right through the heart of the darkness that flaming sword was stabbed, and where it lay there was the most surpassingly vivid light, so vivid that even at a distance one could see the grain of the rock, while outside of it—yes, within a few inches of its keen edge—there was naught but clustering shadows.

And now, by this ray of light, for which *She* had been waiting, and timed our arrival to meet, knowing that at this season, for thousands of years it had always struck thus at sunset, we saw what lay before us. Within eleven or twelve feet of the very tip of the tongue-like rock whereon we lay there arose, presumably from the far bottom of the gulf, a sugar-loaf-shaped cone, of which the summit was exactly opposite to us. But had there been a summit only it would not have helped us much, for the nearest point of its circumference was some forty feet from where we were. On the lip of this summit, however, which was circular and hollow, rested a tremendous flat stone, something like a glacier stone—indeed, perhaps it was one for all I know to the contrary—and the end of this stone approached to within twelve feet or so of us. This huge bowlder was nothing more or less than a gigantic rocking-stone, accurately balanced upon the edge of the cone or miniature crater, like a half-crown on the rim of a wine-glass; for in the fierce light that played upon it and us we could see it oscillating in the gusts of wind.

"Quick!" said Ayesha; "the plank—we must cross while the light endures; presently it will be gone."

"Oh Lord, sir!" groaned Job, "surely she don't mean us to walk across that there place on that there thing," as in obedience to my direction he pushed the long board toward me.

"That's it, Job," I hallooed in ghastly merriment, though the idea of the plank was no pleasanter to me than to him.

I pushed the plank on to Ayesha, who deftly ran it across the gulf so that one end of it rested on the rocking-stone, the other remaining on the extremity of our trembling spur. Then placing her foot upon it to prevent it from being blown away, she turned to me.

"Since last I was here, O Holly!" she called, "the support of the moving stone hath lessened somewhat, so that I am not sure if it will bear our weight and fall or no. Therefore will I cross the first, because no harm will come unto me," and, without further ado, she trod lightly but firmly across the frail bridge, and in another second was standing safe upon the heaving stone.

"It is safe," she called. "See, hold thou the plank! I will stand on the further side of the stone so that it may not overbalance with your greater weights. Now come, O Holly! for presently the light will fail us."

I struggled to my knees, and if ever I felt sick in my life, I felt sick then, and I am not ashamed to say that I hesitated and hung back.

"Surely thou art not afraid," called this strange creature in a lull of the gale, from where she stood poised like a bird, on the highest point of the rocking-stone. "Make then way for Kallikrates."

This settled me; it is better to fall down a precipice and die than be laughed at by such a woman; so I clinched my teeth, and in another instant I was on that horrible, narrow, bending plank with bottomless space beneath and around me.

Then came Leo's turn, and, though he looked rather queer, he came across like a rope-dancer. Ayesha stretched out her hand to clasp his own, and I heard her murmur, "Bravely done, my love—bravely done! The old Greek spirit lives in thee yet!"

And now only poor Job remained on the further side of the gulf. He crept up to the plank, and yelled out, "I can't do it, sir. I shall fall into that beastly place."

"Let the man come, or let him stop and perish there. See, the light is dying! In a minute it will be gone!" said Ayesha.

I looked. She was right. The sun was passing below the level of the hole or cleft in the precipice through which the ray came.

"If you stop there, Job, you will die alone," I halloaed; "the light is going."

"Come, be a man, Job," roared Leo; "it's quite easy."

Thus adjured, the miserable Job, with, I think, the most awful yell that I ever heard, precipitated himself face downward on the plank—he did not dare, small blame to him, to try to walk it, and commenced to draw himself across in little jerks, his poor legs hanging down on either side into the nothingness beneath.

His violent jerks at the frail board made the great stone, which was only balanced on a few inches of rock, oscillate in a most sickening manner, and, to make matters worse, just as he was half-way across, the flying ray of lurid light suddenly went out just as though a lamp had been extinguished in a curtained room, leaving the whole howling wilderness of air in blackness.

"Come on, Job, for God's sake," I shouted, in an agony of fear, while the stone, gathering motion with every swing, rocked so violently that it was difficult to hang on to it. It was a truly awful position.

"Lord have mercy on me!" halloaed poor Job from the darkness. "Oh, the plank's slipping!" and I heard a violent struggle, and thought that he was gone.

But just at that moment his outstretched hand, clasping in agony at the air, met my own, and I hauled—ah, how I did haul, putting out all the strength that it has pleased Providence to give me in such abundance—and to my joy in another minute Job was gasping on the rock beside me. But the plank! I felt it slip, and heard it knock against a projecting knob of rock, and it was gone.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "How are we going to get back?"

"I don't know," answered Leo, out of the gloom. "'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' I am thankful enough to be here."

But Ayesha merely called to me to take her hand and creep after her.

XXV.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

I did as I was bid, and in fear and trembling felt myself drawn over the edge of the stone. I sprawled my legs out, but could touch nothing.

"I am going to fall!" I gasped.

"Nay, let thyself go and trust to me," answered Ayesha.

Now if the position is considered, it will be easily understood that this was a greater demand upon my confidence than was justified by my knowledge of Ayesha's character. For all I knew she might be in the very act of consigning me to a horrible doom. But in life we sometimes have to lay our faith upon strange altars, and so it was now.

"Let thyself go!" she cried, and, having no choice, I did.

I felt myself slide a pace or two down the sloping surface of the rock, and then pass into the air, and the thought flashed through my brain that I was lost. But no. In another instant my feet struck against a rocky floor, and I felt that I was standing on something solid, and out of reach of the wind, which I could hear singing away overhead. As I stood there thanking my stars for these small mercies, there was a slip and a scuffle, and down came Leo alongside of me.

"Holloa, old fellow!" he called out, "are you there? This is getting interesting, is it not?"

Just then, with a terrific yell, Job arrived right on the top of us, knocking us both down. By the time that we had struggled to our feet again Ayesha was standing among us, and bidding us light the lamps, which fortunately remained uninjured, as did the spare jar of oil.

I got out my box of Bryant & May's wax matches, and they struck as merrily there in that awful place as in a London drawing-room.

In a couple of minutes both the lamps were alight, and a curious scene they revealed. We were huddled up in a rocky chamber, some twelve feet square, and scared enough we looked; that is, except Ayesha, who was standing calmly with her arms folded, and waiting for the lamps to burn up. The chamber appeared to be partly natural and partly hollowed out of the top of the cone. The roof of the natural part was formed of the swinging stone, and that of the back part of the chamber, which sloped downward, was hewn from the live rock. For the rest, the place was warm and dry—a perfect haven of rest compared to the giddy pinnacle above, and the quivering spur that shot out to meet it in mid-air.

"There," said *She*, "safely have we come, though once I feared that the rocking-stone would fall with ye, and precipitate ye into the bottomless deeps beneath, for I do believe that the cleft goeth down to the very womb of the world. The rock whereon the stone resteth hath crumbled beneath the swinging weight. And now that he," nodding toward Job, who was sitting on the floor, feebly wiping his forehead with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief, "whom they rightly call the 'Pig,' for as a pig is he stupid, hath let fall the plank, it will not be easy to return across the gulf, and to that end must I make a plan. But now rest awhile, and look at this place. What think ye that it is?"

"We know not," I answered.

"Wouldst thou believe that once a man did choose this airy nest for a daily habitation, and did here endure for many years, leaving it only but one day in every ten to seek food and water and oil that the people brought, more than he could carry, and laid as an offering in the mouth of the tunnel through which we passed hither?"

We looked up wonderingly, and she continued:

"Yet so it was. There was a man—Noot, he named himself—who, though he lived in the latter days, had of the wisdom of the sons of Kôr. A hermit was he, and a philosopher, and skilled in the secrets of Nature, and he it was who discovered the Fire that I shall show ye, which is Nature's blood and life, and also that he who bathed therein and breathed thereof should live while Nature lives. But like unto thee, O Holly, this man, Noot, would not turn his knowledge to account. 'Ill,' he said, 'was it for man to live, for man was born to die.' Therefore did he tell his secret to none, and therefore did he come and live here, where the seeker after Life must pass, and was revered of the Amahagger of the day as holy, and a hermit. And when first I came to this country—knowest thou how I came, Kallikrates? Another time will I tell thee—it is a strange tale—I heard of this philosopher, and waited for him when he came to fetch his food, and returned with him hither, though greatly did I fear to tread the gulf. Then did I beguile him with my beauty and my wit, and flatter him with my tongue, so that he led me down and showed me the Fire, and told me the secrets of the Fire, but he would not suffer me to step therein, and, fearing lest he should slay me, I refrained, knowing that the man was very old, and soon would die. And I returned, having learnt from him all that he knew of the wonderful Spirit of the World, and that was much, for the man was wise and very ancient, and by purity and abstinence, and the contemplations of his innocent mind, had worn thin the veil between that which we see and the great invisible truths, the whisper of whose wings at times we hear as they sweep through the gross air of the world. Then it was but a very few days after I met thee, my Kallikrates, who had wandered hither with the Egyptian Amenartas, and I learned to love for the first and last time, once and forever, so that it entered into my mind to come hither with thee, and receive the gift of Life for thee and me. Therefore came we, with that Egyptian who would not be left behind, and, behold, we found the old man Noot lying but newly dead. There he lay, and his white beard lay on him like a garment," and she pointed to a spot near where I was sitting; "but surely he hath long since crumbled into dust, and the wind hath borne his ashes hence."

Here I put out my hand and felt in the dust, and presently my fingers touched something. It was a single human tooth, very yellow, but sound. I held it up and showed it to Ayesha, who laughed.

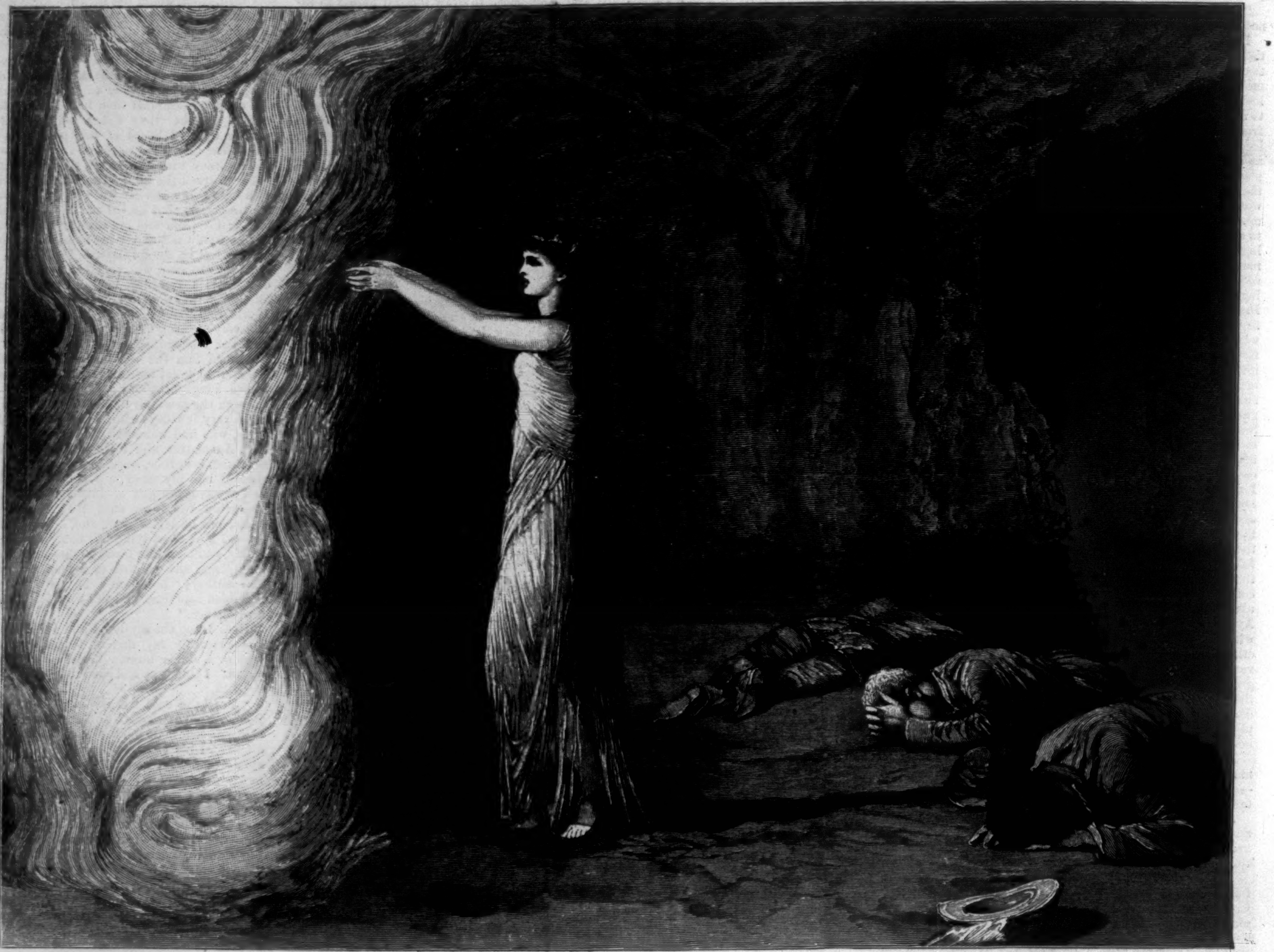
"Yes," she said, "it is his without a doubt. Behold what remaineth of Noot and the wisdom of Noot—one little tooth. And yet that man had all life at his command, and for his conscience' sake would have none of it. Well, he lay there newly dead, and we descended whither I shall lead ye, and then, gathering up all my courage, and courting death that I might perchance win so glorious a crown of life, I stepped into the flames, and behold! life such as ye can never know until ye feel it also flowed into me, and I came forth undying, and lovely beyond imagining. Then did I stretch out mine arms to thee, Kallikrates, and bid thee take thine immortal bride; and behold, as I spoke, thou, blinded by my beauty, didst turn from me, and throw thine arms about the neck of Amenartas. And then a great fury filled me, and made me mad, and I seized the javelin that thou didst bear, and stabbed thee, so that there, at my very feet, in the place of Life, thou didst groan and go down into death. I knew not then that I had power to slay with mine eyes and will, therefore in my madness slew I with the javelin.

"And when thou wast dead, ah! I wept, because I was undying and thou wast dead. I wept there in the place of Life so that had I been mortal any more my heart had surely broken. And she, the swart Egyptian—she cursed me by her gods. By Osiris did she curse me and by Isis, by Nephthys and by Hekt, by Sekhet, the toe lion-headed, and by Set, calling down evil on me, evil and everlasting desolation. Ah! I can see her dark face now lowering o'er me like a storm, but she could not hurt me, and I—I know not if I could hurt her. I did not try; it was naught to me then; so between us we bore thee hence. And afterward I sent her—the Egyptian—away through the swamps, and it seems that she lived to bear a son and to write the tale that should lead thee, her husband, back to me, her rival and thy murderess.

"Such is the tale, my love, and now is the hour at hand that shall set a crown upon it. Like all things on the earth, it is compounded of evil and of good—more of evil than of good, perchance—and writ in letters of blood. It is the truth; naught have I hidden from thee, Kallikrates. And now one thing before the final moment of thy trial. We go down into the presence of Death, for Life and Death are very near together, and—who knows? that might happen which should separate us for another space of waiting. I am but a woman, and no prophetess, and I cannot read the future. But this I know—for I learnt it from the lips of the wise man Noot—that my life is but prolonged and made more bright. It cannot live for aye. Therefore, Kallikrates, take me by the hand, and lift my veil with no more fear than though I were some peasant girl, and not the wisest and most beauteous woman in this world, and look me in the eyes, and tell me that thou dost forgive me with all thine heart, and that with all thine heart thou dost worship me."

She paused, and the strange tenderness in her voice seemed to hover round us like a memory. I know that the sound of it moved me more even than her words, it was so very human—so very womanly. Leo, too, was strangely touched. Hitherto he had been fascinated against his better judgment, something as a bird is fascinated by a snake, but now I think that all this passed away, and he realized that he really loved this strange and glorious creature, as, alas! I loved her also. At any rate, I saw his eyes fill with tears, and he stepped swiftly to her and undid the gauzy veil, and then took her by the hand, and, gazing into her deep eyes, said aloud:

"Ayesha, I love thee with all my heart, and so far as forgiveness is possible I forgive thee the death of Ustane. For the rest, it is between thee



"ONE AND ALL OF US, SAVE *SHE*, WHO STOOD UP AND STRETCHED HER HANDS TOWARD THE FIRE, SUNK DOWN BEFORE IT, AND HID OUR FACES IN THE SAND."

and thy Maker; I know naught of it. I only know that I love thee as I never loved before, and that I will cleave to thee to the end."

"Now," answered Ayesha, with proud humility—"now when my lord doth speak thus royally and give with so free a hand, it cannot become me to lag behind in words and be beggared of my generosity. Behold!" and she took his hand and placed it upon her shapely head, and then bent herself slowly down till one knee for an instant touched the ground—"behold, in token of submission do I bow me to my lord. Behold," and she kissed him on the lips, "in token of my wifely love do I kiss my lord. Behold," and she laid her hand upon his heart, "by the sin I sinned, by my lonely centuries of waiting wherewith it was wiped out, by the great love wherewith I love, and by the Spirit—the Eternal Thing that doth beget all life, from whom it ebbs, to whom it doth return again—I swear.

"I swear, even in this first most holy hour of completed Womanhood, I swear that I will abandon Evil and cherish Good. I swear that I will be ever guided by thy voice in the straightest path of Duty. I swear that I will eschew Ambition, and through all my length of endless days set Wisdom over me as a guiding star to lead me unto Truth and a knowledge of the Right. I swear also that I will honor and will cherish thee, Kallikrates, who hath been swept by the wave of time back into my arms, ay, till the very end, come it soon or late.

"And for a bridal gift I give to thee my beauty's starry crown, and enduring life, and wisdom without measure, and wealth that none can count. Behold! the great ones of the earth shall creep about thy feet, and their fair women shall cover up their eyes because of the shining glory of thy face, and their wise ones shall be abased before thee. Thou shalt read the hearts of men as an open writing, and hither and thither shalt thou lead them as thy pleasure listeth. Like that old Sphinx of Egypt shalt thou sit aloft from age to age, and ever shall they cry to thee to solve the riddle of thy greatness that doth not pass away, and ever shalt thou mock them with thy silence.

"And now it is done—and come storm, come shine, come good, come evil, come life, come death, it never, never can be undone. For of a truth, that which is, is, and being done, is done for aye, and cannot be altered. I have said—Let us hence, that all things may be accomplished in their order;" and taking one of the lamps, she advanced toward the end of the chamber that was roofed in by the swaying stone, and halted.

We followed her, and perceived that in the wall of the cone there was a stair, or, to be more accurate, that some projecting knobs of rock had been so shaped as to form a good imitation of a stair. Down this Ayesha began to climb, springing from step to step like a chamois, and after her we followed with less grace. When we had descended some fifteen or sixteen steps we found that they ended in a tremendous rocky slope, running first outward and then inward, like the slope of an inverted cone or tunnel. The slope was very steep, and often precipitous, but it was nowhere impassable, and by the light of the lamps we went down it with no great difficulty, though it was gloomy work enough travelling on thus, none knew whither, in the dead heart of a volcano.

For a long period we travelled on thus, half an hour I should say, till, after we had descended for many hundreds of feet, I perceived that we were reaching the point of the inverted cone. In another minute we were there, and found that at the very apex of the funnel was a passage so low and narrow that we had to stoop as we crept along it in Indian file. After some fifty yards of this creeping the passage suddenly widened into a cave, so huge that we could see neither the roof nor the sides. We only knew that it was a cave by the echo of our tread and the perfect quiet of the heavy air. On we went for many minutes in absolute awed silence, like lost souls in the depths of Tartarus, Ayesha's white and ghost-like form flitting in front of us, till once more the cavern ended in a passage, which opened into a second cavern much smaller than the first. At length this cave ended in a third passage, through which gleamed a faint ray of light.

I heard Ayesha give a sigh of relief as this light dawned upon us.

"It is well," she said; "prepare to enter the very womb of the Earth, wherein she doth conceive the Life that ye see brought forth in man and beast—ay, and in every tree and flower."

Swiftly she sped along, and after her we stumbled as best we might, our hearts filled like a cup with mingled dread and curiosity. What were we about to see? We passed down the tunnel; stronger and stronger the light beamed, reaching us in great flashes like the rays from a light-house, as one by one they are thrown wide upon the darkness of the waters. Nor was this all, for with the flashes came a soul-shaking sound like that of thunder and of crashing trees. Now we were through it, and—oh, heavens!

We stood in a third cavern, some fifty feet in length by, perhaps, as great a height, and thirty wide. It was carpeted with fine white sand, and its walls had been worn smooth by the action of I know not what. The cavern was not dark like the others, it was filled with a soft glow of rose-colored light, more beautiful to look on than anything that can be conceived. But at first we saw no flashes, and heard no more of the thunderous sound. Presently, however, as we stood in amaze, gazing at the wonderful sight, and wondering whence the rosy radiance flowed, a dread and beautiful thing happened. Across the far end of the cavern with a grinding and crashing noise—a noise so dreadful and awe-inspiring that we all trembled, and Job actually sank to his knees—there flamed out an awful cloud or pillar of fire, like a rainbow, many-colored, and, like the lightning, bright. For a space, perhaps forty seconds, it flamed and roared thus, turning slowly round and round, and then by degrees the terrible noise ceased, and with the fire it passed away—I know not whither—leaving behind it the same rosy glow that we had first seen.

"Draw near, draw near," cried Ayesha, with a voice of thrilling exultation. "Behold the very Fountain and Heart of Life as it beats in the bosom of the great world. Behold the substance from which all things draw their energy, the bright Spirit of the Globe, without which it cannot live, but must grow cold and dead as the dead moon. Draw near, and wash ye in the living flames, and take their virtue into your poor frames in all its virgin strength—not as it now feebly glows within your bosoms, filtered thereto through all the fine strainers of a thousand intermediate lives, but as it is here in the very fount and seat of Being."

We followed her through the rosy glow up to the head of the cave, till at last we stood before the spot where the great pulse beat and the great flame passed.

We reached the head of the cave, and gazed at each other in the glorious glow, and laughed aloud—even Job laughed, and he had not laughed for a week—in the lightness of our hearts and the divine intoxication of our brains. I know that I felt as though all the varied genius of which the human intellect is capable had descended upon me. I could have spoken in blank verse of Shakespearian beauty; all sorts of great ideas flashed through my mind; it was as though the bonds of my flesh had been loosened, and left the spirit free to soar to the empyrean of its native power. The sensations that poured in upon me are indescribable. I seemed to live more keenly, to reach to a higher joy, and sip the goblet of a subtler thought than ever it had been my lot to do before. I was another and most glorified self, and all the avenues of the Possible were for a space laid open to the footsteps of the Real.

Then suddenly, whilst I rejoiced in this splendid vigor of a new-found self, from far, far away there came a dreadful muttering noise, that grew and grew to a crash and a roar, which combined in itself all that is terrible and yet splendid in the possibilities of sound. Nearer it came, and nearer yet, till it was close upon us, rolling down like all the thunder-wheels of Heaven behind the horses of the lightning. On it came, and with it came the glorious blinding cloud of many-colored light, and stood before us for a space, turning, as it seemed to us, slowly round and round, and then, accompanied by its attendant pomp of sound, passed away I know not whither.

So astonishing was the wondrous sight that one and all of us, save *She*, who stood up and stretched her hands toward the fire, sunk down before it, and hid our faces in the sand.

When it was gone, Ayesha spoke.

"Now, Kallikrates," she said, "the mighty moment is at hand. When the great flame comes again thou must stand in it. First throw aside thy garments, for it will burn them, though thee it will not hurt. Thou must stand in the flame while thy senses will endure, and when it embraces thee suck the fire down into thy very heart, and let it leap and play around thy every part, so that thou lose no moiety of its virtue. Hearest thou me, Kallikrates?"

"I hear thee, Ayesha," answered Leo, "but, of a truth—I am no coward—but I doubt me of that raging flame. How know I that it will not utterly destroy me, so that I lose myself and lose thee also? Nevertheless will I do it," he added.

Ayesha thought for a minute, and then said:

"It is not wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Kallikrates, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Yes," he answered, "I will enter, even if it slay me. I have said that I will enter."

"And that will I also," I cried.

"What, my Holly," she laughed aloud; "methought that thou wouldst naught of length of days. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth me to taste of the flame and live."

"It is well," she said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly. See, now, I will for the second time bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days if that be possible. If it be not possible, at the least it cannot harm me.

"Also," she continued, after a momentary pause, "is there another and a deeper cause why I would once again dip me in the flame. When first I tasted of its virtue full was my heart of passion and of hatred of that Egyptian Amenartas, and therefore, despite my strivings to be rid thereof, hath passion and hatred been stamped upon my soul from that sad hour to this. But now is it otherwise. Now is my mood a happy mood, and filled am I with the purest part of thought, and so would I ever be. Therefore, Kallikrates, will I once more wash and make me clean, and yet more fit for thee. Therefore, also, when thou dost in turn stand in the fire, empty all thy heart of evil, and let sweet contentment hold the balance of thy mind. Shake loose thy spirit's wings, and take thy stand upon the utter verge of holy contemplation; ay, dream upon thy mother's kiss, and turn thee toward the vision of the highest good that hath ever swept on silver wings across the silence of thy dreams. For from the germ of what thou art in that dread moment shall grow the fruit of what thou shalt be for all unreckoned time.

"Now prepare thee, prepare even as though thy last hour was at hand, and thou wast about to cross to the land of shadows, and not through the gates of most glorious life. Prepare, I say!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]